AN AMERICAN INQUISITION?

The Nation.

SHOWDOWN ON IMMIGRATION
Marc Cooper

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PATRIOT ACT 'OST-MORTEM
David Cole

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
Rebecca Solnit

WHY THESE TICKETS ARE TOO HOT FOR NEW YORK

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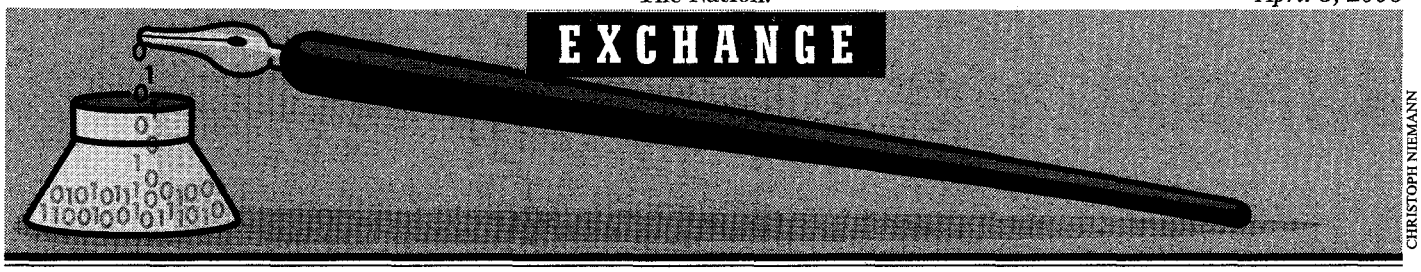

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

Hatchet Man's Heresy Hunt...

New York City

■ I wish I could say I was surprised that *The Nation* assigned a hatchet man to trash my book *The Intellectuals and the Flag*: the ever on-message Daniel Lazare, who's sputtered against my work for years ["Pledging Allegiance," March 20]. On his Long March to expose apostasy and dig up Fragments of the True Left, no scruple impedes Lazare.

Because Lazare is perhaps *The Nation*'s back of the book's main go-to guy for heresy hunts, it's worth a fair number of words to see how shoddy his work is. His method is part fabrication, part demonology, part projection. Even when he tenders an idea, he warps it with his steel-trap either-or mind. Thus, when he makes the reasonable point that one could respond to the attacks of September 11 "as a New Yorker, as a human being, as a secularist or as an anti-imperialist"—that is, one didn't have to respond as an American, perish the thought—he overlooks the many passages in my title essay where I do respond precisely as a New Yorker, a human being and, in fact, as an anti-imperialist, as well as an American. Lazare thinks I had to choose. That's his thuggish mind, not mine.

Lazare is a champion cherry-picker—he should apply for a job in Dick Cheney's office. In his many paragraphs of rant against what he takes to be my view of patriotism, there appear exactly two quotations from my book. Since Lazare is too busy to quote me, I refer the interested reader to a sentence in which, truth be told, I anticipate the likes of Lazare: "Viewing the ongoing politics of the Americans as contemptibly shallow and compromised, the demonological attitude naturally rules out patriotic attachment to those very Americans." Lazare illustrates the same point when he imputes to me the view that "responding as an American meant seeing 9/11 in essentially nationalist terms as a case of turbanned foreigners visiting evil on an innocent United States." Every claim that he puts in my mouth in this sentence is false—and refuted in the book.

Lazare is so contemptuous of the contrast I draw between patriotism and nationalism that he can't be troubled to note it. So I end up on his anathema list along, I suppose, with the fellow who said, "Patriotism is supporting your country all the time, and your government when it deserves it"—Mark Twain, who was also, I believe, a human being, a secularist and an anti-imperialist, as am I, though I may not have recited the loyalty oath prescribed by Inquisitor Lazare.

Most loathsomely, Lazare concocts the impression that I offer "a halfhearted defense of the war in Iraq," and that my "thesis" is "that the war was a well-intentioned, if badly executed, attempt to rid the world of a noxious tyrant." This is where tendentiousness rounds the corner and heads for dementia. Here is how Lazare works: He quotes exactly nothing from my book that says such a thing. There is nothing: I wrote against the war, spoke against it in many venues, marched against it, vigiled against it. Here is one sentence from the book: "By the time George W. Bush declared war without end against an 'axis of evil'...I felt again the old anger and shame at being attached to a nation—my nation—ruled by runaway bullies, indifferent to principle, playing fast and loose with the truth, their lives manifesting supreme loyalty to private (though government-slathered) interests yet quick to lecture dissenters about the merits of patriotism." On the next page, I criticize the Democrats for ducking the issue in 2002.

While Lazare was busy foraging for an essay of mine in *Mother Jones* to trash, he might have found many in which I argued against the war. Instead, he offers this: "Citing his fellow *Dissent*-nik Paul Berman, Gitlin bravely inveighs against Islamic fundamentalism as 'a poisonous, nihilist, totalitarian creed allied, in its ideological DNA, to fascism and communism.' But he neglects to explain why, if Islamic fundamentalism and Soviet Communism are ideological brothers, they would fight a war to the death in Afghanistan."

But the very next sentence after the one Lazare cites reads: "Unlike him [Berman], I concluded that its [Islamism's] roots are principally non-Western and that the wrong interventions—as against Iraq's Ba'athist tyranny—are likely to backfire." By the way, by Lazare's illogic, the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany could not have gone to war with each other; nor the Soviet Union and China; nor Saddam's Iraq and Khomeini's Iran.

Lazare is a professional subject-changer and barrel-bottom scraper. I criticize the likes of Noam Chomsky and Edward Said for finding nothing good to say about US interventions in Bosnia and Kosovo, whereupon Lazare objects that Chomsky is a "critical patriot" and Said was an "old-fashioned liberal." So? I write that totalist ideologies proved murderous, and Lazare, in his fourth-grade gotcha! manner, objects that democracy, socialism and science are also "totalist" (his scare quotes)—yet also liberating. QED! But of course democracy and science are not at all totalist, for they make room for dissent—as would socialism too if it were democratic.

Lazare thinks I wrote in *Mother Jones* against "Blaming America First" because I was "incensed" that my friend Katha Pollitt had written against flying the flag, and that I implied that Pollitt and her co-thinkers derived pleasure from the suffering around them. In truth, I was not writing about Katha, nor was I incensed about her views—in fact, we appeared together, amicably, arguing against an Iraq war on *Democracy Now!*, though we did disagree on some particulars. I was indeed incensed by Chomsky, who on the day of the mass murder was too busy denouncing Bill Clinton's 1998 attack on Sudan to express more than a perfunctory word about the Americans (and others) pulverized. Lazare then says I attacked Chomsky and Said as "foolish or disloyal." In fact, I attacked them as foolish, not disloyal. It is Lazare who is obsessed with loyalty—to what shimmering idea he does not get around to speaking.

But Lazare, in full jihad mode, flies past my observation, in the same *Mother Jones* piece, that "the American flag sprouted in the days after September 11, for many of us, as a badge of belonging, not a call to shed innocent blood." He extracts what he detests in one *Mother Jones* piece and doesn't mention my other *Mother Jones* work at all, including my polemic against the 2002 Bush National Security Statement.

Meanwhile, one-third of the pages of my book concern David Riesman, C. Wright Mills and Irving Howe, intellectuals who in their work aspired to comprehensiveness, comprehensibility and political use. Another one-third make arguments about postmodernism, cultural studies and university values. Lazare is too busy fulminating against my (shall we say) disloyalty even to pay any of this any mind. A mind like an ice pick cannot be bothered. TODD GITLIN

New York City

■ Until I read Daniel Lazare's review of Todd Gitlin's *The Intellectuals and the Flag*, I foolishly believed that Gitlin was an opponent of the war in Iraq. Maybe I believed this because Gitlin argued in a September 2002 *New York Times* op-ed article that "liberals should oppose this administration's push toward war in Iraq." Or maybe I believed it because, in a talk he gave at NYU in November 2002, he said that war in Iraq was likely to bring about "carnage and a boost to terror," that "wars must be a matter of last resort" and that despite the "monstrous tyranny of Saddam Hussein, the use of force for 'regime change' is not proportionate, nor is it justified." Or maybe I believed it because in the title essay of the book reviewed by Lazare, Gitlin says that Bush and his entourage "bamboozled the public," that they were "lying," "cherry-picking the evidence," "covering up the counter-

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EDITORIALS

An American Inquisition?

Richard Rogers, or Lord Rogers of Riverside, as he is styled in Britain, is one of the most distinguished architects in the world. From the day the Centre Pompidou opened its doors in Paris in 1977, his career has been a series of triumphs: the headquarters of Lloyds insurance in London, the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg, the Millennium Dome in Greenwich, Madrid's new Barajas airport and, most recently, the Welsh Assembly. Rogers is famous not just for his iconic buildings but also for his progressive politics and his extraordinary network of friends, associates and admirers. So when he agreed in February to host the London inaugural meeting of Architects and Planners for Justice in Palestine, the event went unnoticed here.

That is, it went unnoticed until early March, when Rogers found that even a casual association with the Palestinian cause placed all his New York work in jeopardy. Rogers, who'd been awarded the $1.7 billion expansion of the Jacob Javits Convention Center and a commission to redevelop the Lower East Side riverfront, was summoned to New York to explain himself to Empire State Development Corporation chair Charles Gargano. Sheldon Silver, speaker of the New York Assembly, demanded that Rogers be fired from publicly funded projects; he also threatened that Silvercup Studios, a film studio and office complex in Queens, would be unlikely to get tax credits with Rogers as architect. Malcolm Hoenlein, executive vice chair of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, labeled Rogers's involvement "an affront...to the legacy of Senator Javits," noting that the late Republican had been a staunch defender of Israel.

The story of Rogers's American inquisition has no heroes.The son of a Jewish doctor who fled Fascist Italy for London, Rogers might have reminded his tormentors that the British organizer of the offending architects' group, his friend Abe Hayeem, is also a Jew. He could have pointed out that the group's criticism of Israel for building its separation wall echoed the findings of the International Court of Justice. Instead, he folded faster than a house of cards, abandoning his colleagues—and the Palestinians—in a recantation that was as brutal as it was effective.

Rogers didn't just take a dive, ditching the group with the irrelevant declaration that he abhors boycotts. (Though a boycott of firms or architects who work on the separation wall or on West Bank settlements had been discussed, no decisions were made at the London meeting.) Under the expert guidance of Howard Rubinstein, New York's public relations consultant to the stars, Rogers actually pronounced himself "in favor of [the wall] to thwart terror attacks on Israel." He recalled the joys of spending his honeymoon in the Holy Land, and said that the Middle East conflict is between "a country that is a terrorist state and a country that's a democratic state. I'm all for the democratic state." That was good enough for the formerly furious New York pols, who now pronounced the repentant Rogers kosher.

The whole unedifying spectacle might have been designed as a companion piece for *My Name Is Rachel Corrie*, the British play about an American woman killed by an Israeli bulldozer in Gaza, whose production has been "indefinitely postponed" by the New York Theatre Workshop [see Philip Weiss, page 13]. If the *Corrie* "postponement" suggests New Yorkers have no ears for the sufferings of Palestinians, Rogers's ordeal implies that in the current political climate, Palestinians have become such pariahs that even to appear sympathetic to their cause is dangerous to one's career. But while theater people and Arab-Americans objected to NYTW's failure of nerve, Rogers's rush to retraction cut the legs out from under any protest on his behalf or the public's, leaving no time to challenge the claim that these modern McCarthyites speak for all New Yorkers—black, white, Hispanic, Jewish, Christian, Mus-

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lim. Lost also was the opportunity to puncture the pretense that all—or most—American Jews blindly endorse any Israeli action, no matter how extreme or indefensible. Instead, it's become even harder to acknowledge the futility, indeed the obscenity, of treating the entire Palestinian people as political lepers whose hunger for justice, or simple compassion, has no claim on our attention.

There's more at stake here than local politics. Since the "war on terror" began, too many Americans have become inured to enforced patriotism and ideological litmus tests. We hardly notice the way that speech itself has come to be regarded as something to be policed, or the way that dissent, the lifeblood of freedom, is constantly devalued. Rogers's cave-in is all the more reason for the rest of us to speak up: for the Palestinians, for American Jews who don't regard Hoenlein as their spokesman, against blacklists, against censorship and above all against the rising tide of fear.

COMMENT

Patriot Act Post-Mortem

On March 9 President Bush signed into law the USA Patriot Improvement and Reauthorization Act, officially ending an extended campaign by civil liberties groups to put some limits on the expansive powers handed to the President on a silver platter six weeks after the 9/11 terrorist attacks. Bush and the Justice Department's press office touted the bill's "safeguards for civil liberties," and Representative James Sensenbrenner Jr. claimed to find thirty civil liberties protections in the law. But no one should be fooled: This was a bitter disappointment for civil liberties proponents. So what went wrong?

It's not for lack of trying. The Bill of Rights Defense Committee launched an impressive grassroots campaign almost immediately after the Patriot Act was enacted; eventually eight states and nearly 400 towns, cities and counties passed resolutions condemning the act's civil liberties abuses. The ACLU and others entered into coalitions with conservative groups in hopes of pulling a Republican Congress along. Unlike in 2001, this time Congress held multiple hearings before acting. And the disclosure in December that President Bush had authorized warrantless wiretapping of Americans for years showed once again that this is not an executive worthy of trust with open-ended powers.

But in the end, Congress voted to extend all sixteen provisions that were originally set to expire on December 31, making only minor modifications to a handful. The new law, for example, requires the FBI director or deputy director to approve requests for library and medical records, and permits recipients of such "Section 215" orders to disclose them to lawyers to challenge them in court. But the Section 215 power remains incredibly broad; it doesn't even require the government to show that the person whose records are sought has any connection to terrorist activity.

As I have previously argued [see "The Missing Patriot Debate," May 30, 2005], the principal problem with the reauthorization debate was that most of the act's worst provisions were not even on

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COMMENT

the table. These include sections making it a crime to offer "expert advice" to a proscribed political group, regardless of its content; allowing the government to freeze the assets of suspected charities without any showing of wrongdoing, and based on secret evidence; and permitting foreign nationals to be locked up without charges, deported for innocent political associations and kept out of the country for endorsing any group the government labels as "terrorist"—under a definition so capacious that it could include the African National Congress and the Israeli military.

Why weren't these issues even up for discussion? Largely because conservatives didn't express concern, and so the liberal-conservative coalition that drove the debate wrote them off, focusing instead on the few parts of the law that conservatives found offensive. In the end, we didn't even see much progress on those.

The hurdles to any real reform are underscored by the fate of another recent legislative effort. In December Congress passed the McCain amendment, which bars US officials from subjecting anyone, anywhere, to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment. The Bush Administration had interpreted the prohibition, which originally derives from a human rights treaty, as not applying to foreigners held outside our borders—freeing it to "waterboard" suspects held at secret CIA "black sites" abroad. The human rights community attacked that position for the outrage to human dignity it was: The right to be free of cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment cannot turn on the color of one's passport.

But at the same time that it enacted the McCain amendment, Congress simultaneously adopted another one, named for Senators Lindsey Graham and Carl Levin, that restricts habeas corpus review for enemy combatants held at Guantánamo (Levin got involved to ameliorate what would have otherwise been an even more restrictive bill). The Justice Department recently argued, in a case challenging the force-feeding of a Guantánamo hunger striker, that the Graham-Levin amendment renders the McCain amendment unenforceable for Guantánamo detainees.

The real obstacle to reform, in other words, is this Republican Congress, which now threatens to give President Bush a blank check on warrantless wiretapping instead of censuring him for the criminal spying he's authorized for four years. The only true path to reform is the midyear elections. Volunteer now! DAVID COLE

David Cole, The Nation*'s legal affairs correspondent, is the author, with James Dempsey, of* Terrorism and the Constitution: Sacrificing Civil Liberties in the Name of National Security, *out now in a revised third edition.*

Ending Nonproliferation

During the early cold war era, both superpowers provided nuclear technology to selected Third World countries—the United States to South Korea and Iran (under the Shah), the Soviet Union to China and North Korea—as a way of cementing ties with favored allies and shifting the global balance of power in their favor. Later, as concern over the spread of nuclear weapons intensified, the superpowers agreed to sign the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty (NPT) and to cease transferring weapons-related nuclear technology to nonweapons states. For thirty-five years nuclear nonproliferation was a major priority of US foreign policy. But now, in a throwback to early cold war power politics, President Bush has agreed to supply nuclear technology to India in blatant violation of the NPT.

Under the deal with India, announced by Bush on March 2 during a state visit to New Delhi, the United States will provide technology, equipment and nuclear fuel to India's civilian nuclear industry, which will be separated from the military establishment and placed under some form of international inspection. This arrangement was described by Nicholas Burns, the Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, as a "major win" for nonproliferation because it will place approximately 65 percent of India's nuclear capacity (as measured in megawatts) under inspection. What he failed to acknowledge is that 35 percent of India's capacity will remain exempt, and thus usable for making weapons.

The deal invalidates decades of effort by US policy-makers to persuade India to abandon its nuclear weapons program and sign the NPT; it also confers de facto recognition of India as a nuclear weapons state. But it does far more harm than this: By allowing the sale of nuclear fuel to India's civilian reactors, it will enable India to divert more of its own fuel to military use. According to Joseph Cirincione of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, this will allow India to manufacture several dozen bombs a year, compared with six to ten now. India will also be able to apply technology acquired for civilian use to military purposes.

Under these circumstances, any US deliveries of nuclear technology to India will constitute a significant breach of Article 1 of the NPT, which prohibits participating states from transferring such technology to another state if the transfers would assist or encourage the recipient's nuclear weapons endeavors. "If this nuclear deal stands," Cirincione declared, "the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty is going to fall." By undermining the NPT in this way, moreover, the deal provides a perfect excuse for other countries, including Iran and North Korea, to defy the treaty as well. "America cannot credibly preach nuclear temperance from a barstool," said Representative Edward Markey of the transaction.

What could inspire Administration officials to undermine US nonproliferation objectives so severely? One key motive is a desire to enlist India in a global campaign to contain China, widely viewed as the most potent future threat to permanent US global supremacy. Although overshadowed for a time by the exigency of defeating terrorism, this goal has recently gained renewed vigor. Thus, a military alliance with India (which has its own quarrels with China) makes eminent sense, and establishing a nuclear relationship with New Delhi is seen as the sine qua non of any such alliance. The other key motive is a desire to revitalize the moribund US nuclear industry. The Administration is determined to promote nuclear power, and technology sales to India will provide cash for the industry and help legitimize its resurgence at home.

There are many good and important reasons to oppose this deal. What all of them share is a recognition that the Indian nuclear arrangement will invite further proliferation—making nuclear war more, not less, likely. MICHAEL T. KLARE

Michael T. Klare, The Nation*'s defense correspondent, is professor of peace and world security studies at Hampshire College.*

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COMMENT

Judging Milosevic

Berlin

It is a gray, cold Saturday, and I am glad that I don't have to go out. I will read a book and drink a warm cup of tea, I think. Just then the telephone rings, piercing the silence of a quiet day. Slobodan Milosevic seems to be dead. Seems to be? I check the website of Belgrade's Radio B92. The news, that he was found dead in his cell in the Scheveningen detention center in the Netherlands, is indeed not confirmed. I don't know whether I should believe it or not. I can do nothing but wait.

I have a clear memory of the first time I saw Milosevic. It was four years ago, in the courtroom of the United Nations International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia in The Hague. Of course, I had seen his face a million times before; he had been omnipresent in the media for decades as the president of Serbia, the president of Yugoslavia, the main politician linked with Serbian nationalism and the wars in Croatia and Bosnia, with the sieges of Vukovar, Dubrovnik and Sarajevo, the massacre at Srebrenica, the Dayton Accords and, finally, as an accused war criminal at the tribunal. A person larger than life, you believe, if you have been brought up in the tradition of the personality cult—as I was, as we all were in Yugoslavia. When Tito died in 1980, a popular Socialist Party slogan was repeated endlessly: "And after Tito—Tito." Tito was dead, but the personality cult was not. Indeed, Milosevic was the Serbian heir of that cult, in a way. As if in response to the fact that people in Yugoslavia were not capable of living without a father figure, he was turned into one.

Looking at him in that courtroom, a mixture of feelings engulfed me: relief, and satisfaction at the thought that there was, after all, a chance to bring such a person to justice. Milosevic sat perhaps ten yards away from me, behind bulletproof glass. Dressed in a dark blue blazer, a white shirt and a tricolor tie, he carefully scanned the audience. Maybe he was looking for familiar faces, maybe just calculating how many journalists were there to follow his performance. This was at the very beginning of his trial, when the attention of the world media was focused on him. I stared at him as if he were a ghost, not a person. I remember how surprised I was at that moment—and how angry at myself, at my own surprise. This is what happens to a person brought up in an adolescent country, I realized: She is surprised that such a person can be brought to justice.

From the very beginning he was arrogant, cocky and self-assured. Even his body language did not reveal a defeated man, but an actor who dominates the stage. Indeed, at that time the judge had difficulty controlling Milosevic's outbursts. Very soon it became apparent that he had a clear objective: to prove that his role in the history of the Serbian people was that of a hero who had fought in defense of his nation. War in Bosnia? Not involved. War crimes? Had nothing to do with them. It looked almost as if he perceived himself as a Serbian Che Guevara.

But as his trial dragged on, Milosevic became less interesting to the media, and other events took the world stage. The war in Iraq and terrorism finally removed the spotlight from the Balkans and its troubles. Even Kosovo was no longer a priority. And in Serbia people had other things to worry about—for example, how to survive as poverty and corruption flourished. Yet Milosevic did not give up his fight. He led his own defense, and he worked hard at it. In the meantime his wife, Mira Markovic—who is suspected by the police of having taken part in the assassination of former Serbian president Ivan Stambolic, once Milosevic's mentor—escaped to Russia. This must have been a big blow, since she was his biggest supporter, both in life and politics. She could no longer visit him in Scheveningen, and he must have felt pretty much alone.

I did not have to wait long for the news of his death to be confirmed. Slobodan Milosevic was dead at age 64. What a sad day to die, and what a sad way: in a prison cell, alone, like a dog. Was it a heart attack? Or... the possibility of suicide comes to me, but I dismiss it vigorously. There will be investigations and a lot of speculation in the days to come, but anyone who ever saw this man alive would not believe that he would commit suicide. He valued his own life too much, and moreover he had a task, a big task: to prove the truth about himself to history, to the world. Now others will judge him, which is precisely what he wanted to avoid.

As I watch the frenzy of comments on television, my first reaction is anger. Why, why did it happen? Why could not justice—human justice, not the supreme one of which we know nothing—be done? Is God merciful toward alleged war criminals? Or is he perhaps cunningly taking away their chance to defend themselves? For Serbs it would have been better to see the end of his trial—not only to see Milosevic, in all probability, sentenced to prison but to confront themselves with the truth about, and their responsibility for, the wars and the war crimes their soldiers committed in Bosnia, Croatia and Kosovo. And perhaps to find the strength and the wisdom to conclude that dark, bloody chapter in their history, a terrible chapter of which this ambitious politician was the foremost symbol.

SLAVENKA DRAKULIC

Slavenka Drakulic, a Nation *contributing editor, is an author from Croatia. Her latest book published in the United States is* They Would Never Hurt a Fly: War Criminals on Trial in The Hague *(Penguin).*

CALVIN TRILLIN

GEORGE W. BUSH'S APPROACH TO MAINTAINING CONSTITUTIONAL RULE IN A DEMOCRACY THROUGH A SERIES OF CHECKS AND BALANCES

On wiretaps, the war, and now Dubai,
He's sounded more and more like Captain Bligh.

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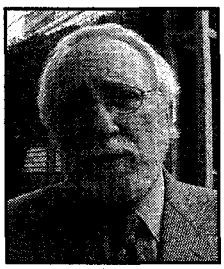
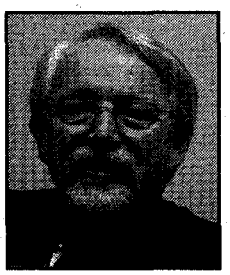
A riveting 12-minute documentary exposes what law enforcement officials really think about drug prohibition.

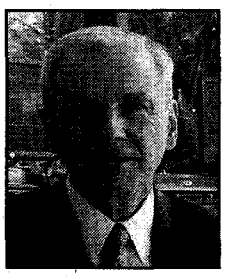


Chief Norm Stamper
Seattle Police Dept. (ret.)
"The Drug War has arguably been the single most devastating, dysfunctional social policy since slavery."



Lt. Jack Cole
New Jersey State Police (ret.)
12 years undercover narcotics
"Over a thousand young people went to jail as a direct result of what I did out there as one undercover agent...something I'm certainly not proud of today."

Capt. Peter Christ
Tonawanda NY Police Dept. (ret.)
"What happens when you arrest a drug dealer? Nothing. Nothing changes."



Minch Lewis
Auditor, City of Syracuse NY (ret.)
"If we really want to improve our urban neighborhoods, the single most important thing we could do is end the War On Drugs."

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COMIX NATION

More Iraqian Nights: THE EXIT STRATEGY
BY ROBERT GROSSMAN
Bush, Cheney, Condi and the gang go to Iraq, where they discover, in a secret cave, an old lamp which when rubbed...
releases a genie who will grant them their every wish.
Suddenly, the war is over and Iraq has been transformed into a permanent Texas-style happy hoedown.
Then Bush and his friends wish themselves all the trappings and finery of the court of Harun al-Rashid,
including a magnificent flying carpet and, for the President, a splendid winged steed.
They soar over the newly tranquil, tuneful Iraqi landscape toward the sunset and home...
until they are overtaken by the gigantic bird of prey known as
and are torn to bits and devoured.

Robert Grossman's work can be seen regularly in The Nation, *the* New York Times *and the* New York Observer.

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What middle-aged woman hasn't begged the question: *Is it warm in here or is it just me?* Night sweats and hot flashes are classic signs of menopause, as well as the most common reason for seeking treatment. About 75% of women report some troublesome symptoms during this changing period of their lives. A hot flash produces a sudden sensation of warmth or even intense heat that spreads over the chest, face, and head. Flushing and sweating usually occur as well, followed by a chill. Some women may also feel their heart beating very fast and become anxious. These flashes last anywhere from a few seconds to several minutes. Night sweats, with drenching perspiration, occur at night and can lead to interrupted sleep and fatigue. This usually happens between the ages of 45 and 60, but it can happen earlier. Hot flashes can occur in up to 40% of women in their forties, so they may begin before the characteristics of menopause even begin. Hormone Replacement Therapy (HRT) can help in reducing the symptoms of menopause which include night sweats and hot flashes. But, concerns originated when a major U.S. study found that women taking HRT had a higher incidence of heart attacks, strokes, blood clots and breast cancer. Now, there's a safe and sure solution to combat the discomforts of night sweats allowing you to get the sleep you need.

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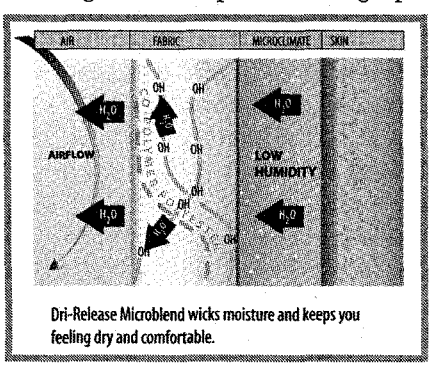

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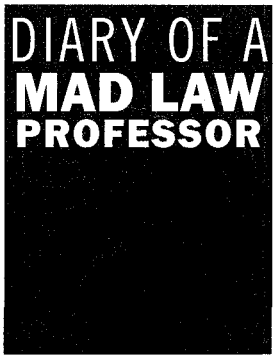
PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

Truth or Consequences



OK, boys and girls, it's time for a pop quiz. Professional provocateur David Horowitz recently proclaimed that "there are 50,000 professors... who are anti-American, they're radicals, they identify with the terrorists, they think of them as freedom fighters. It's a huge danger for the country." If true, that would mean that of the approximately 400,000 tenured or tenure-track professors in the United States, about one in every eight is a threat to national security. And here we were worrying about terrorists sneaking in through Dubai Ports World! They're already among us, speaking our language, pretending to be neighbors, passing themselves off as citizens! Right here in River City!

Horowitz recommends that students use hidden recording devices to tape their teachers. He praises the high school student who secretly recorded Jay Bennish, his social studies teacher, comparing President Bush's foreign policies to those of Hitler.

But as a true patriot, I think we should expand the search for infidels. If it's that bad in the professoriate, why stop at schools? The percentage could be even higher in other professions. What, pray tell, are we doing about Volvo salesmen or Birkenstock wearers or chardonnay vintners? Who's recording them? And what of those who own French poodles?

So in the interest of protecting ourselves from those who would mock the tenets of our freedom, I have devised a new SAT (Save America from Treachery) test, whose scores should be considered before granting anyone the blessing of our soon-to-be-issued National Identity-Chip Embed, or NICHE for short. All you have to do is figure out who's speaking truth to power versus who's the terrorist. First prize: three-day getaway weekend in Baghdad! Fail, and go to jail.

a. "If Harvard cannot correct itself in this crisis, it will signal that academe cannot be trusted to reform itself from within. There is a rising tide of off-campus discontent with the monolithic orthodoxies of humanities departments.... These efforts to hold professors accountable are welcome and bracing."

b. "When students become snitches, we are heading toward dictatorship by Mao's Red Guards or Hitler Youth."

c. "The bloodshed that they have caused to the Iraqi people only makes them more intent and strong to evict the foreigners from their land and liberate their country."

d. "It's rarely been Iraqis who talked about civil war. It's usually been outside foreigners, outside foreign forces, that have talked about civil war."

e. "God told me to strike..._____ and I struck them...and now I am determined to solve the problem in the Middle East."

f. "I believe today that my conduct is in accordance with the will of the Almighty Creator."

g. "It would be more in keeping with the intention of the noblest man in this world if our two Christian churches, instead of annoying Negroes with missions which they neither desire nor understand, would kindly, but in all seriousness, teach our European humanity that where parents are not healthy it is a deed pleasing to God to take pity on a poor little healthy orphan child and give him father and mother."

h. "Are we simply repeating the mistakes of the past? No. The principal difference is that whereas eugenics, as conceived in the early part of the 20th century, was a public project, modern genetic screening is a private matter.... modern eugenics is about individuals applying private criteria to improve their own offspring.... The benefits are individual, and any drawbacks are social—exactly the opposite of the old eugenics."

i. "Many of those people involved with Adolf Hitler were Satanists, many of them were homosexuals. The two things seem to go together."

j. "We could go back and expound on...the connections with the queers, the labor union connection, the radical feminist connection, the socialist connection."

k. "He promises not to advance a political agenda from the federal bench he has been nominated to, but to be the type of judge who buttresses the foundation of American government—by applying the rule of law however he finds it."

l. "I didn't do anything, and I'll prove it when the time comes. They are going to try to fabricate proofs and witnesses, but I have proofs and witnesses.... do not think I am unhappy or that I am desperate. I am fine."

m. "I read your book. When you get through, you say, 'If I could just get a nuclear device inside Foggy Bottom, I think that's the answer.' I mean, you get through this, and you say, 'We've got to blow that thing up.'"

n. "Your life depends on how you answer my questions." "Without preliminary trial, Colonel?" "Your life depends on your answers." "Who ordered my arrest?" "You're a prisoner of the First Army Corps in action."

o. "'Our authorities...don't go out looking for guilt among the public; it's the guilt that draws them out, like it says in the law, and they have to send us police officers out. That's the law. Where'd you think there'd be any mistake there?' 'I don't know this law,' said K... 'Look at this, Willem, he admits he doesn't know the law and at the same time insists he's innocent.'"

ANSWERS: a. Camille Paglia; b. Camille Paglia; c. Saddam Hussein, speaking of America; d. Condoleezza Rice, speaking of Al Qaeda; e. President George W. Bush; f. Adolf Hitler; g. Adolf Hitler; h. National Review, *"The New Eugenics"; i. televangelist Pat Robertson; j. President George W. Bush's recently disgraced domestic policy adviser Claude Allen; k. C. Boyden Gray, supporting Claude Allen's nomination to the Fourth Circuit; l. Zacharias Moussaoui, letter to his mother; m. televangelist Pat Robertson; n. journalist Jacobo Timerman, conversation with prison guard while being held without charge or trial in Argentina in 1977; o. Franz Kafka,* The Trial. ■

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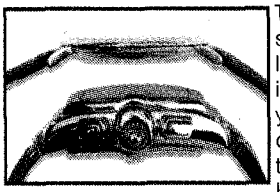
The Swiss Breakthrough!! The Thinnest Calendar Watch Ever Made



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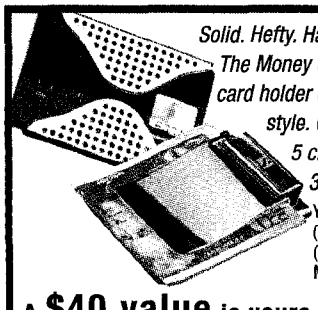

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ERIC ALTERMAN

Iraq: The Democrats' Dilemma

A master narrative, once formed in the collective mind of the mainstream media, becomes impervious to interference from inconvenient reality. Today the political narrative demands that the Democrats be derided for their "disarray." Yes, George W. Bush is the most unpopular President since Nixon in the days before his forced resignation. In the most recent AP/Ipsos poll, nearly 70 percent of those questioned believe that the country is on the wrong track. The Bush domestic agenda is politically dead, and his Iraq adventure looks increasingly like it contains the seeds of a regional Armageddon. Yet according to the accepted story line, none of that matters. The Democrats' disarray on how to handle the war dominates the reporting of Adam Nagourney and Matt Bai in the *New York Times*, of Shailagh Murray and Charles Babington in the *Washington Post*, of Joe Klein in *Time*, of the smart boys who write ABC News's "The Note" and *Slate*, along with that of virtually everyone else charged with reporting on the topic.

Personally, I have a hard time understanding why, if it was the Administration that created the Iraq quagmire with its toxic combination of mendacity, incompetence and ideological obsession, it is somehow the responsibility of powerless Democrats to solve it. Given the right wing's stranglehold on both the political process and public discourse, Democrats cannot hope to address this problem or even have their public proposals treated fairly. Why then should they make themselves politically vulnerable by offering up a target for Rove and O'Reilly to torture, twist and otherwise pervert for the purpose of political assassination both in 2006 and again in 2008?

What's more, the Iraq situation is deteriorating so rapidly, it is impossible to imagine what will face a Democratic presidential candidate when a genuine plan does become obligatory. Until then, all a potential nominee can do is foreclose future options. Consider 2002. Democrats were desperate to remove the question of Iraq from the agenda in order to fight the election on domestic issues, where they retained their traditional polling advantages. Endangered Southern Dems were begging the Congressional leadership not to put the party out front against Bush on Iraq, lest it open up avenues for a Rovian assault on their patriotism and support for the military.

As a result, John Kerry, who began with a genuinely antiwar critique of Bush's folly, was put in the position of having to find a way to support it, lest he compromise his ability to secure the support of his colleagues for his presidential candidacy two years later. According to sources I trust, Kerry actually gave an impassioned speech against the war to an internal Democratic gathering before reversing himself and backing it, albeit in an entirely incoherent fashion. The net result proved to be a disaster, for Kerry and the country, when his various contradictory statements were easily employed to paint the Democratic candidate as indecisive and untrustworthy. (And of course the party's timidity on the war vote did little to protect vulnerable officeholders, making the entire exercise one of futility.)

Many on the left are demanding that the Democrats adopt an "out now" policy toward Iraq, but this, too, misunderstands the party's political problem. First off, it's not practical. Even if the leadership were to sign on to an out-now strategy, it has no enforcement mechanism to insure the compliance of those who disagree. The effect would undoubtedly be to reinforce the "disarray/these people can't be trusted to protect us" narrative that remains the Democrats' Achilles' heel. What's more, despite growing public support, a call for withdrawal would be treated in the conservative punditocracy as the equivalent of a call to "cut and run," and hence would open the entire "weak on defense" Pandora's box that almost always dooms Democrats in national elections. And for what? Does anyone truly believe that if the Democratic leadership calls for Bush to quit Iraq, it will actually happen?

Nevertheless, it's an awful situation, and all attempts to address it will be fraught with risk. A Democratic refusal to adopt a single position on Iraq collides, strategically, not only with growing dissatisfaction and impatience with the failed Bush strategy there but also with the need for Democrats to nationalize the 2006 election in order to focus attention on Republican incompetence, corruption and ideological extremism. If the model is Newt Gingrich's 1994 "Contract With America," then the party needs to be able to say something, collectively, about Iraq that sounds like more than just pablum. When, at a Washington dinner sponsored by the Third Way organization not long ago, I asked DNC chair Howard Dean about this conundrum, he replied that the concept of a strategic redeployment of US troops could provide the basis for such a position and said he has been working to build a consensus around it "from Murtha to Biden." (We note for the record that no Democratic consensus can include Joe Lieberman, who has been rapidly moving to the right even of most Republicans.)

Dean may be correct. As Russell Feingold recently noted, fully forty senators united around an anti–White House resolution back in November demanding "that the president should offer to Congress and the American public an idea of when our military mission in Iraq can come to an end and our brave men and women in uniform can return home." The Republicans panicked and tried to force a vote designed to embarrass the opposition, which did not work. The Democrats' momentum was lost, however, when John Murtha changed the subject to immediate withdrawal and reopened the party's vulnerable flanks. But "redeployment" is not "withdrawal." And Democrats who require more detailed plans to give definition to these terms can begin with those put forth by Lawrence Korb and Brian Katulis of the Center for American Progress, and more recently by the realist foreign policy scholar Barry Posen in a recent symposium in *Boston Review*.

It's an imperfect solution at best, but we long ago lost the luxury of allowing an imaginary "best" to be the enemy of the "not quite as horrible." Just look at Iraq... ■

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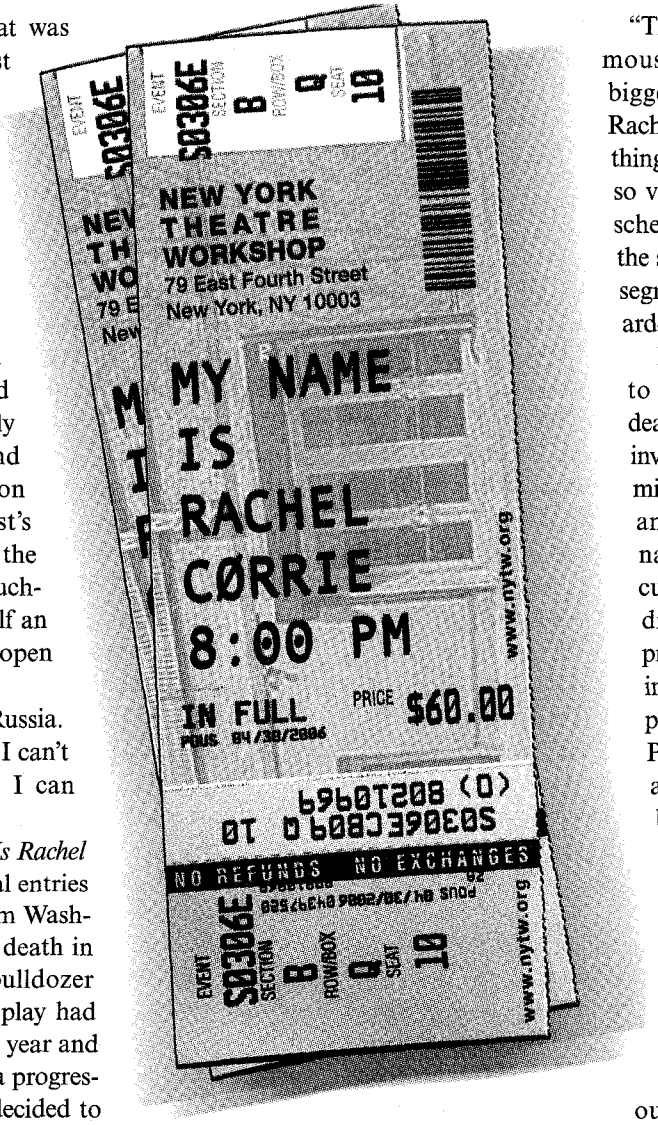
ARTICLES

WHY THESE TICKETS ARE TOO HOT FOR NEW YORK



by PHILIP WEISS

The slim book that was suddenly the most controversial work in the West in early March was not easy to find in the United States. Amazon said it wasn't available till April. The Strand bookstore didn't have it either. You could order it on Amazon-UK, but it would be a week getting here. I finally found an author in Michigan who kindly photocopied the British book and overnighted it to me; but to be on the safe side, I visited an activist's apartment on Eighth Avenue on the promise that I could take her much-in-demand copy to the lobby for half an hour. In the elevator, I flipped it open to a random passage:

"I can't cool boiling waters in Russia. I can't be Picasso. I can't be Jesus. I can't save the planet single-handedly. I can wash dishes."

The book is the play *My Name Is Rachel Corrie*. Composed from the journal entries and e-mails of the 23-year-old from Washington State who was crushed to death in Gaza three years ago under a bulldozer operated by the Israeli army, the play had two successful runs in London last year and then became a cause célèbre after a progressive New York theater company decided to postpone its American premiere indefinitely out of concern for the sensitivities of (unnamed) Jewish groups unsettled by Hamas's victory in the Palestinian elections. When the English producers denounced the decision by the New York Theatre Workshop as "censorship" and withdrew the show, even the mainstream media could not ignore the implications. Why is it that the eloquent words of an American radical could not be heard in this country—not, that is, without what the Workshop had called "contextualizing," framing the play with political discussions, maybe even mounting a companion piece that would somehow "mollify" the Jewish community?

"The impact of this decision is enormous—it is bigger than Rachel and bigger than this play," Cindy Corrie, Rachel's mother, said. "There was something about this play that made them feel so vulnerable. I saw in the Workshop's schedule a lesbian play. Will they use the same approach? Will they go to the segment of the community that would ardently oppose that?"

In this way, Corrie's words appear to have had more impact than her death. The House bill calling for a US investigation of her killing died in committee, with only seventy-eight votes and little media attention. But the naked admission by a left-leaning cultural outlet that it would subordinate its own artistic judgment to pro-Israel views has served as a smoking gun for those who have tried to press the discussion in this country of Palestinian human rights. Indeed, the admission was so shocking and embarrassing that the Workshop quickly tried to hedge and retreat from its statements. But the damage was done; people were asking questions that had been consigned to the fringe: How can the West condemn the Islamic world for not accepting Muhammad cartoons when a Western writer who speaks out on behalf of Palestinians is silenced? And why is it that Europe and Israel itself have a healthier debate over Palestinian human rights than we can have here?

When she died on March 16, 2003, Rachel Corrie had been in the Middle East for fifty days as a member of the International Solidarity Movement (ISM), a group recruiting Westerners to serve as "human shields" against Israeli aggression—including the policy of bulldozing Palestinian houses to create a wider no man's land between Egypt and then-occupied Gaza. Corrie was crushed to death when she stood in

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front of a bulldozer that was proceeding toward a Palestinian pharmacist's house. By witnesses' accounts, Corrie, wearing a bright orange vest, was clearly visible to the bulldozer's driver. An Israeli army investigation held no one accountable.

Corrie's horrifying death was a landmark event: It linked Palestinian suffering to the American progressive movement. And it was immediately politicized. Pro-Israel voices sought to smear Corrie as a servant of terrorists. They said that the Israeli army was merely trying to block tunnels through which weapons were brought from Egypt into the occupied territories—thereby denying that Corrie had died as the result of indiscriminate destruction. Hateful e-mails were everywhere. "Rachel Corrie won't get 72 virgins but she got what she wanted," said one.

Few knew that Corrie had been a dedicated writer. "I decided to be an artist and a writer," she had written in a journal, describing her awakening, "and I didn't give a shit if I was mediocre and I didn't give a shit if I starved to death and I didn't give a shit if my whole damn high school turned and pointed and laughed in my face."

My Name Is Rachel Corrie is two things: the self-portrait of a sensitive woman and a polemic on the horrors of Israeli occupation.

Corrie's family felt it most urgent to get her words out to the world. The family posted several of her last e-mails on the ISM website (and they were printed in full by the London *Guardian*). These pieces were electrifying. They revealed a passionate and poetical woman who had long been attracted to idealistic causes and had put aside her work with the mentally ill and environmental causes in the Pacific Northwest to take up a pressing concern, Palestinian human rights. Thousands responded to the Corries, including a representative of the Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square, London, who asked if the theater could use Rachel's words in a production—and, oh, are there more writings? Cindy Corrie could do little more than sit and drink tea. She had family tell the Royal Court, Give us time.

It was another year before Sarah Corrie dragged out the tubs in which her sister had stored her belongings and typed passages from journals and letters going back to high school. In November 2004 the Corries sent 184 pages to the Royal Court.

It had been the intention of the two collaborators, Alan Rickman and Katharine Viner, a *Guardian* editor, to flesh out Rachel Corrie's writings with others' words. The pages instantly changed their minds. "We thought, She's done it on her own. Rachel's voice is the only voice you had to hear," Viner says. The Corrie family, which holds the rights to the words, readily agreed. Rachel Corrie was the playwright. Any royalties would go to the Rachel Corrie Foundation for Peace and Justice. The London "co-editors" then set to work winnowing the material, working with a slender blond actress, Megan Dodds, who resembles Corrie.

A year ago the play was staged as a one-woman show in a 100-seat theater at the Royal Court. The piece was critically celebrated, and the four-week run sold out. Young people especially were drawn to the show.

My Name Is Rachel Corrie—the title comes from a declaration in Corrie's journal—is two things: the self-portrait of a sensitive woman struggling to find her purpose, and a polemic on the horrors of Israeli occupation.

The work is marked by Plath-like talk about boys—"Eventually I convinced Colin to quit drowning out my life"—and rilling passages about her growing understanding of commitment: "I knew a few years ago what the unbearable lightness of being was, before I read the book. The lightness between life and death, there are no dimensions at all.... It's just a shrug, the difference between Hitler and my mother, the difference between Whitney Houston and a Russian mother watching her son fall through the sidewalk and boil to death.... And I knew back then that the shrug would happen at the end of my life—I knew. And I thought, so who cares?... Now I know, who cares...if I die at 11.15 p.m. or at 97 years—And I know it's me. That's my job..." As the work grinds toward death, Corrie's moral vision of the Mideast becomes uppermost. "What we are paying for here is truly evil.... This is not the world you and Dad wanted me to come into when you decided to have me."

The show returned last fall to a larger theater at the Royal Court, and sold out again. Most viewers tended to walk off afterward in stunned silence, but some nights the theater became a forum for discussions. Rickman or Viner or Dodds came out to talk about how the show had come about.

The Royal Court got bids from around the world, including a theater in Israel, seeking to stage the production. But the priority was to bring the show to "Rachel's homeland," as Elyse Dodgson, the theater's international director, says. At bottom, Corrie's story feels very American. It is filled with references that surely escaped its English audience—working at Mount Rainier, swimming naked in Puget Sound, drinking Mountain Dew, driving I-5 to California.

The New York Theatre Workshop agreed to stage the show in March 2006. But by January the Royal Court began to sense apprehension on the Workshop's part. "I went to New York to meet them because I didn't feel comfortable about what they were saying," Dodgson says.

The Workshop was evidently spooked. Its artistic director, James Nicola, spoke of having discussions after every performance to "contextualize" the play, of hiring a consultant who had worked with Salman Rushdie to lead these discussions and of hiring Emily Mann, the artistic director of the McCarter Theatre in Princeton, New Jersey, to prepare a companion piece of testimonies that would include Israeli victims of Palestinian terrorism.

"We've had some brilliant discussions, we told them, but the play speaks for itself," Dodgson says. "It is expensive and unnecessary to have that after every single performance. Of course we knew some of the hideous things that were said about Rachel. We took no notice of them. The controversy died when people saw that this was a play about a young woman, an idealist."

Dodgson was further upset when a Workshop marketing staffer, whom she won't name, used the word "mollifying." "It was a very awkward conversation. He said, 'I can't find the right

Philip Weiss is the author of American Taboo: A Murder in the Peace Corps *(Harper Perennial).*

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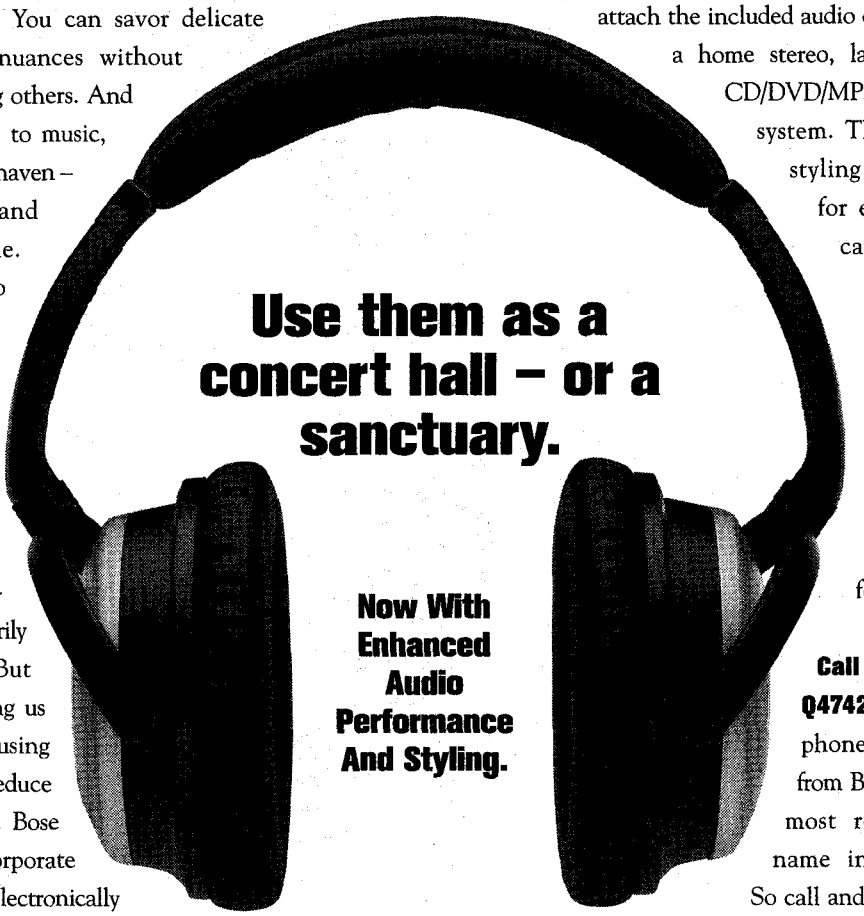

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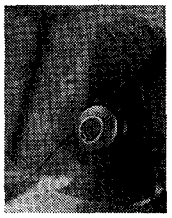

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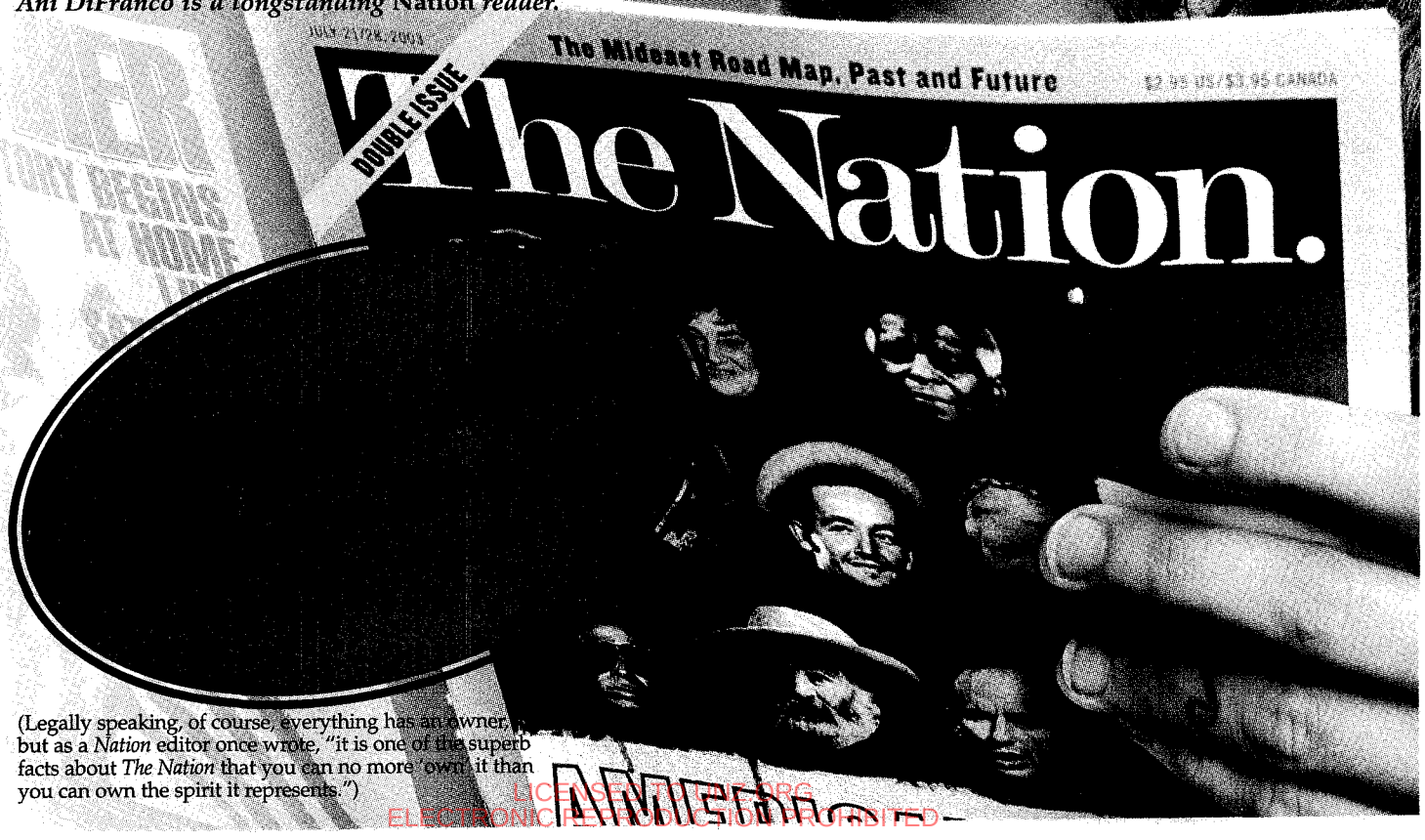

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word, but "mollifying" the Jewish community.' It shocked me."

Corrie's connection to the International Solidarity Movement was politically loaded. The ISM is committed to nonviolence, but it works with a broad range of organizations, from Israeli peace activists to Palestinian groups that have supported suicide bombings, which has been seized on by those who want it to get lost.

At the heart of the disagreement was an insistence by supporters of Israel that Corrie's killing be presented in the context of Palestinian terror. And that specifically, the policy of destroying Palestinian homes in Gaza be shown to be aimed at those tunnels—even though the pharmacist's house Corrie was shielding was hundreds of yards from the border and had nothing to do with tunnels. One person close to NYTW, who refused to go on the record, elaborates: "The fact that the Israelis and such were trying to bulldoze these houses was not due to the fact that they were just against the Palestinians, but the underground tunnels, ways to get explosives to this community. By not mentioning it, the play was not as evenhanded as it claims to be." Another anonymous NYTW source said that staffers became worried after reading a fall 2003 *Mother Jones* profile of Corrie, a much disputed piece that relied heavily on right-wing sources to paint her as a reckless naïf.

There was an insistence by supporters of Israel that Corrie's killing be presented in the context of Palestinian terror.

Just whom was the Workshop consulting in its deliberations? It has steadfastly refused to say. In the *New York Observer*, Nicola mentioned "Jewish friends." Dodgson says that in discussions with the Royal Court, Workshop staffers brought up the Anti-Defamation League and the mayor's office as entities they were concerned about. (Abe Foxman of the ADL visited London in 2005 and denounced the play in the *New York Sun* as offensive to Jewish "sensitivities.") By one account, the fatal blow was dealt when the global PR firm Ruder Finn (which has an office in Israel) said it couldn't represent the play.

In its latest statement, the Workshop says it consulted many community voices, not only Jews. These did not include Arab-Americans. Najla Said, the artistic director of Nibras, an Arab-American theater in New York, says, "We're not even 'other' enough to be 'other.' We're not the political issue that anyone thinks is worth talking about."

The run had been scheduled for March 22–May 14. Tickets were listed on Telecharge in February. But the Workshop had not announced the production. According to the Royal Court, Nicola at last told them he wanted to postpone the play at least six months or a year to allow the political climate to settle down and to better prepare the production. The Royal Court took this as a cancellation. The news broke on February 28 in the *Guardian* and the *New York Times*.

The *Times* article was shocking. It said the Workshop had "delayed" a production it had never announced, and reported that Nicola had been "polling local Jewish religious and community leaders as to their feelings." Nicola was quoted saying that Hamas's victory had made the Jewish community "very defensive and very edgy...and that seemed reasonable to me."

The Red Sea parted. Or anyway the Atlantic Ocean. The English playwright Caryl Churchill, who has worked with both theaters, condemned the decision. Vanessa Redgrave wrote a letter urging the Royal Court to sue the Workshop. At first, the New York theater community was quiet.

Enter the blogosphere, stage left. Three or four outraged theater bloggers began peppering the Workshop's community with questions. Whom did the Workshop talk to? Why aren't theater people up in arms? Garrett Eisler, the blogger Playgoer, likened the decision to one by the Manhattan Theater Club to cancel its 1998 production of *Corpus Christi*, a play imagining Christ as a gay man—a decision that was reversed after leading voices, including the *Times* editorial page, denounced the action.

The playwright Jason Grote circulated a petition calling on the Workshop to reverse itself. Signers included Philip Munger, a composer whose cantata dedicated to Corrie, *The Skies Are Weeping*, also had experienced politically motivated cancellations. The young playwright Christopher Shinn spoke out early and forcefully, saying the postponement amounted to censorship. "No one with a name was saying anything," says Eisler. "And Chris Shinn is not that big a name, but he is a practicing theater artist whose name gets in the *New York Times*."

By the time I visited the Workshop, a week into the controversy, it was a wounded institution. Linda Chapman, the associate artistic director, who had signed Grote's petition, said she couldn't talk to me, because of the "quicksand" that any statement had become. The Workshop had posted and then removed from its website a clumsy statement aimed at explaining itself. Playgoer was demanding that the opponents of the play come forward and drumming for a declaration from Tony Kushner, who has staged plays at the Workshop, posting his photo as if he were some war criminal.

In an interview with *The Nation*, Kushner said that he was quiet because of his exhaustion over similar arguments surrounding the film *Munich*, on which he was a screenwriter, and because he kept hoping the decision would be made right. He said Nicola is a great figure in American theater: "His is one of the one or two most important theaters in this area—politically engaged, unapologetic, unafraid and formally experimental." Never having gotten a clear answer about why Nicola put off the play, Kushner ascribes it to panic: Nicola didn't know what he was getting into, and only later became aware of how much opposition there was to Corrie, how much confusion the right has created around the facts. Nicola felt he was taking on "a really big, scary brawl and not a play." Still, Kushner said, the theater's decision created a "ghastly" situation. "Censoring a play because it addresses Palestinian-Israeli issues is not in any way right," he said.

The Royal Court came out smelling like a rose. It triumphantly announced that it was moving the Megan Dodds show to the West End, the London equivalent of Broadway, and that it couldn't come to New York till next fall.

The Grote petitioners (519 and counting) want that to happen at the Workshop, which itself was reaching out with another statement on the matter, released on the eve of the anniversary of Corrie's death. "I can only say we were trying to do whatever we could to help Rachel's voice be heard," Nicola said. The cut may be too deep for such ointment. As George Hunka, author of

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the theater blog Superfluities, says, "This is far too important an issue for everyone to paper it over again, with everyone shaking hands for a *New York Times* photographer. It's an extraordinarily rare picture of the ways that New York cultural institutions make their decisions about what to produce."

Hunka doesn't use the J-word. Jen Marlowe does. A Jewish activist with Rachelswords.org (which is staging a reading of Corrie's words on March 22 with the Corrie parents present), she says, "I don't want to say the Jewish community is monolithic. It isn't. But among many American Jews who are very progressive and fight deeply for many social justice issues, there's a knee-jerk reflexive reaction that happens around issues related to Israel."

Questions about pressure from Jewish leaders morph quickly into questions about funding. Ellen Stewart, the legendary director of the theatrical group La MaMa E.T.C., which is across East 4th Street from the Workshop, speculates that the trouble began with its "very affluent" board. Rachel's father, Craig Corrie, echoes her. "Do an investigation, follow the money." I called six board members and got no response. (About a third appear to be Jewish, as am I.) This is of course a charged issue. The writer Alisa Solomon, who was appalled by the postponement, nonetheless warns, "There's something a little too familiar about the image of Jews pulling the puppet strings behind the scenes."

Perhaps. But Nicola's statement about a back channel to Jewish leaders suggests the presence of a cultural lobby that parallels the vaunted pro-Israel lobby in think tanks and Congress. I doubt we will find out whether the Workshop's decision was "internally generated," as Kushner contends, or more orchestrated, as I suspect. What the episode has demonstrated is a climate of fear. Not of physical harm, but of loss of opportunities. "The silence results from fear and intimidation," says Cindy Corrie. "I don't see what else. And it harms not only Palestinians. I believe, from the bottom of my heart, it harms Israelis and it harms us."

Kushner agrees. Having spent five months defending *Munich*, he says the fear has two sources: "There is a very, very highly organized attack machinery that will come after you if you express any kind of dissent about Israel's policies, and it's a very unpleasant experience to be in the cross hairs. These aren't hayseeds from Kansas screaming about gays burning in hell; they're newspaper columnists who are taken seriously." These attackers impose a kind of literacy test: Before you can cast a moral vote on Palestinian rights, you must be able to recite a million wonky facts, such as what percentage of the territories were outside the Green Line in 1949. Then there is the self-generated fear of lending support to anti-Semites or those who would destroy Israel. All in all, says Kushner, it can leave someone "overwhelmed and in despair—you feel like you should just say nothing."

Who will tell Americans the Middle East story? For generations that story has been one of Israelis as victims, and it has been crucial to Israeli policy inasmuch as Israel has been able to defy its neighbors' opinions by relying on a highly sympathetic superpower. Israel's supporters have always feared that if Americans started to conduct the same frank discussion of issues that takes place in Tel Aviv, we might become more evenhanded in our approach to the Middle East. That pressure is what has stifled a play that portrays the Palestinians as victims (and thrown a blanket over a movie, *Munich*, that portrays both sides as victims). I've never written this sort of thing before. How moving that we have been granted that freedom by a 23-year-old woman with literary gifts who was not given time to unpack them. ■

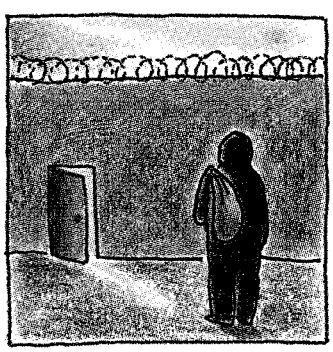
A REVVED-UP RIGHT AND A LOSS OF WHITE HOUSE NERVE MAY DOOM REFORM.

Showdown on Immigration

MARC COOPER

Phoenix

Local Republican Representative J.D. Hayworth—author of a new book calling for a border shutdown enforced by the military and the suspension of legal immigration from Mexico—was adeptly working the conservative crowd gathered at the Biltmore Hotel. Having already publicly called on a fellow Republican, President Bush, to "apologize" for calling the Minutemen, a militant anti-immigrant group, "vigilantes," Hayworth was really amping up the scare-tactic rhetoric. "We could have Watts again!" Hayworth excitedly warned the 350 "movement conservatives" brought here in late February by author and activist David Horowitz for one of his regular strategic confabs known as Restoration Weekends. If Congress legalizes the undocumented already here, Hayworth told the crowd, it could create a "permanent subclass" that could, in turn, produce "rioting like they did in France!"



CAITLIN DOVER

One needed only to glance around the hotel ballroom in which Hayworth was speaking to perceive the yawning gulf between the tone of the current immigration debate and the quickly shifting realities of the American workplace. Even as Hayworth thundered away—invoking the title of his book *Whatever It Takes* as a call to stop illegal immigration—the rapt audience, including former Attorney General Ed Meese and chief Swift Boater John O'Neill, leisurely munched away on shrimp quesadillas with guacamole. Platters of stuffed empanadas, crab cakes and glasses of merlot and chardonnay were bused to and from the guests by a quietly efficient platoon of

Marc Cooper, a Nation *contributing editor, is a senior fellow at USC's Annenberg School of Communication's Institute for Justice and Journalism.*

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waiters with name tags reading José, Graciela, Mirta and Roberto. "Let's hope that Hayworth's deportation program doesn't kick in before the finger food is finished being served," cracked one moderate Republican.

Undocumented workers are an ever growing and ever more integral part of the American labor force. The Pew Hispanic Center reported in early March that the number of undocumented living in the United States might be as high as 12 million; that one in four agricultural jobs, one in seven construction jobs and one in six cleaning jobs is now being done by an undocumented worker; and that the illegal alien population is growing by a half-million people a year.

The good news is that after twenty years of inaction and demagogy, the US Senate is considering sweeping immigration reform. Behind that effort is a bipartisan consensus that grew out of a confluence of disparate factors: On the right, American business, desperate for low-wage and unskilled service workers, was clamoring to legalize the immigrant labor market; on the left, organized labor and liberals wanted an end to the illegal status of so many workers. And the sheer number of illegals now living in the United States—three times as many as a decade ago—demanded that something be done.

'The Wall Street Journal *says I want to turn America into a gated community. I say, You bet!'* —*Representative Tom Tancredo*

The bad news is that after arduously fighting its way to the top of the national legislative agenda—Senate majority leader Bill Frist fixed March 27 as the deadline for the Senate to come up with a bill—reform now threatens to be dead on arrival. Intransigence by the Republican right and a failure of nerve by Bush may have doomed a tenuous, years-long push to rewrite a current policy mired in denial and hypocrisy. "We may be on the verge of seeing the Republicans do to immigration what Hillary Clinton did to healthcare in the 1990s," said a prominent immigration attorney. "Set it back several decades."

Ironically, it was the same President Bush, with one eye on the growing Latino vote and the other on his big-business backers, who set the stage for reform two years ago when he called for the massive guest-worker program. Many on the Democratic left and some immigrant advocacy groups were suspicious of any such plan, seeing it as similar to the bracero schemes of the 1950s. But those on the right were much more adept. They read right through Bush's proposal—a program that, in the end, would grant some sort of legal residence to the millions of undocumented already living here—and they wanted no part of it.

Initially, the supporters of reform appeared to have a good chance at success. An odd-fellows coalition stretching from pro-business Republicans to liberal Democrats agreed on the broad outlines of legislation, framed in the so-called McCain-Kennedy bill, that would toughen border controls but also create a legal way for Mexican workers to come to the United States and, most important, provide for eventual legalization of the millions already here. Representative Raúl Grijalva, a liberal Tucson Democrat who after initially worrying about institutionalizing the same sort of second-class status that his parents, themselves braceros, had suffered, became one of the McCain-Kennedy bill's major supporters. "I have come full circle on guest worker," Grijalva says. "We won sufficient guarantees of worker rights to make it acceptable." While the AFL-CIO recently withdrew its support for the idea, saying it feared the "creation of an undemocratic, two-tiered society," one of the country's biggest unions, the Service Employees International, which has been focusing on organizing immigrant workers, supports the program, in part because Grijalva and other progressive legislators have hammered out what they argue are acceptable and realistic compromises.

Some believe meaningful reform is still imminent. "I smell victory in the air," Senator Ted Kennedy yelled out jubilantly to a recent rally of immigrant hotel workers in Washington, DC. But Kennedy's optimism still prevails among only a few. The entire tenor of the immigration debate has radically shifted in the past year—and all in the wrong direction. Infuriated by the prospect of what it called an "amnesty," the anti-immigrant right seized the political initiative in the escalating legislative fight. The President, frightened by the populist, Minutemen-like rebellion on his right flank and worried about splitting his party in an election year, has retreated, thereby opening up even more political space for the xenophobic fringe.

The Senate debate on immigration pits Republicans against Republicans—the Wall Street faction against Main Street, reformers against restrictionists. And in the House the restrictionists are surging. Representative Hayworth's clarion call at the Phoenix Restoration Weekend to close the borders was only the opening act for the undisputed hero of the nativist Republican right, Representative Tom Tancredo. A Colorado backbencher who rode the anti-immigrant wave to national prominence, Tancredo brought loud cheers from the conservative group as he ripped directly into any notion of liberalized immigration. "Yes, many who come across the border are workers. But among them are people coming to kill me and you and your children," he said.

Tancredo heads the ill-named House Immigration Reform Caucus, now about ninety members, which has assumed enormous clout in blocking reform. With the support of Tancredo's caucus last December, Wisconsin Republican James Sensenbrenner Jr. pushed through a House measure intended to torpedo any liberalization. Even if the Senate passes a reform bill, it would have to reconcile it with Sensenbrenner's. And that might be impossible.

The Sensenbrenner bill reclassifies all illegal aliens as felons and radically increases penalties against anyone who aids, hires or counsels them. The bill would also require a new, 700-mile wall along the border, which stretches for 2,000 miles. Conspicuously absent from the House measure is any guest-worker program or mechanism to legalize those already here. And Tancredo is happy to take full credit for the bill. "The *Wall Street Journal* calls this the Tancredo Wall," he said with a smile. "Hey, it's got a great ring to it. The *Journal* says I want to turn America into a gated community. I say, You bet!"

There was plenty of negative reaction to Tancredo's rant from his fellow Republicans. Speaking the next day, Missouri Lieutenant Governor Pete Kinder told the conservative crowd that Tancredo's position could do to the national GOP what Pete Wilson did to the California branch of the party when he surfed the last anti-immigrant wave of the mid-1990s: decimate

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it. "I'm warning you," Kinder told his Republican audience, "that the tone is going to turn a lot of people off."

The most eloquent plea for Republicans to reject Tancredoism came from Arizona Representative Jeff Flake. The solidly conservative Flake warned his fellow Republicans to "be honest" and face the realities of the global marketplace. "As Republicans we need to recognize that we need foreign workers. That we need them now and that we're going to need them in the future," he said. "We're either gonna have them here legally or illegally. We have to make it possible for them to get here legally."

It would be suicidal, Flake said, for GOP candidates to demagogue the issue for short-term gain. "You can run on rational immigration policy. For those who just say seal the border, I ask, Are you going to move something as big as Ohio across the border?" he said, referring to the millions of undocumented people living in America. "Are we going to pretend they don't exist?"

Flake is far from alone in his sentiments. Meeting in late February, the Western Governors Association, representing eighteen states, unanimously adopted a policy resolution calling on Congress to pass comprehensive reform, including a guest-worker program. "We believe that some of the rhetoric coming out of our nation's capital vis-à-vis illegal immigration is unfounded and unwise, and what we really need is a very comprehensive approach to this issue," Arizona Governor Janet Napolitano told the press. Napolitano hasn't always been so forthright in opposing border-generated demagogy. Highlighting the Democrats' own willingness to play on both sides of the issue, last year Napolitano joined New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson in declaring their respective border zones "disaster areas." And in early March Napolitano pandered further to the restrictionists when she signed an executive order sending additional National Guard units to the border to carry out what are described as "support" missions for the Border Patrol.

Meanwhile, on the eve of Ash Wednesday, the powerful Los Angeles–based Cardinal Roger Mahoney said he was calling on all 288 parishes in his archdiocese to pray for humane immigration reform. The US Conference of Catholic Bishops as well as the country's two major labor federations have also stepped up lobbying efforts for legalization of the undocumented.

But how much any of this will influence the Senate debate is unknown. After the Judiciary Committee's first day of debate on March 2, chairman Arlen Specter said glumly: "I have seen virtually no agreement on anything.... Emotions are at an all-time high." What Specter didn't mention was his own role in confusing matters. On the eve of the debate he introduced a measure that managed to tick off everybody. Specter's proposal included a guest-worker program—which the restrictionists abhor—but one that, unlike the McCain-Kennedy proposal, would not allow eventual permanent residence for migrant workers.

No one is willing to guess what will come out of the Senate process, no less out of any conference measure that would have to bridge the gap between the Senate and the draconian Sensenbrenner bill, already approved by the House. And if the process drags on closer to the November elections, chances for significant reform will dim considerably. Republicans, and especially the President, will be reluctant to further aggravate their internal party divisions. And even if Bush regains his con-

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fidence in pushing for reform, will Democrats—with their eyes now set on winning in November—really be ready to line up behind him?

For now, some of the most ardent advocates of comprehensive reform, like Representative Grijalva, find themselves in a much more defensive posture than only a year ago. Instead of pondering how much they are going to move forward, they're hoping they won't be pushed back. Under current circumstances, maybe the best thing that can happen is nothing; maybe the most important thing is to stave off Republicans from whipping up immigrant bashing as an electoral strategy this fall. "It's really important that strategy doesn't get traction on the right," Grijalva says. "If we can stabilize the issue, then maybe we can make it more manageable for 2008. Or maybe the best we can hope for is for the Senate to break it up piecemeal and slowly send it over to us. In the meantime, no getting around it, the elephant in the room is, What are we going to do with the 11 million people here and already growing?"

Grijalva says he feels that he and his allies went at least halfway to meet pro-reform Republicans, and he earnestly hoped Bush would have the moxie to stare down the right fringe of the GOP and give the reformers some political cover. But things haven't worked out that way. Says Grijalva, "This quietness from Bush is the most disappointing thing." ■

HOW A VICTORY FOR POOR PEOPLE'S JUSTICE CAME ABOUT IN AN UNLIKELY PLACE.

Keeping *Gideon*'s Promise

EYAL PRESS

In 1987 a jury in Billings, Montana, convicted an 18-year-old man named Jimmy Ray Bromgard of raping an 8-year-old girl. At the trial the victim, who earlier had picked Bromgard out of a police lineup, said she was only "60–65 percent" sure he was the perpetrator. The next day in court, however, prosecutors introduced hair samples found at the scene of the crime that they said were indistinguishable from those provided by the accused. The director of the state's crime lab testified that the chances of this being a coincidence were one in 10,000. Bromgard's public attorney did not challenge this claim. He met with his client only once before the trial began, waived his opening statement and failed to investigate whether other evidence at the scene of the crime, such as traces of semen on the girl's dress, implicated his client. It took one hour for the jury to arrive at a guilty verdict; the judge, struck by Bromgard's lack of remorse, sentenced him to three concurrent forty-year sentences.

CAITLIN DOVER

But there is a reason Bromgard wasn't sorry. As an investigation by the New York–based Innocence Project would eventually reveal, the semen found on the victim's dress did not match up with his. The scientific-sounding claims about the hair samples turned out to be baseless. In 2002 DNA testing cleared Bromgard of the crime, by which point he'd spent more than fifteen years in state prison—"hard years," stresses Ron Waterman, a lawyer now representing him in a civil suit. Like many presumed child molesters, Bromgard was beaten repeatedly while locked up. On one occasion his jaw was smashed. He left with a decade-plus gap in his employment history and no functional skills. "And, of course, there's still a stigma that follows him," Waterman told me when we met at his office in downtown Helena, the state capital.

Jimmy Ray Bromgard may have paid more dearly for the shoddy legal representation he received than most people who have shuffled through Montana's criminal justice system over the past few years, but his case was no anomaly. "Our estimate was that the system got roughly 100 people wrongfully imprisoned per year," said Waterman, a partner at one of Helena's most prestigious law firms. The problem was not just overzealous prosecutors, he explained. It was a public defender system that left poor people accused of crimes consistently shortchanged.

A few years ago investigators from the National Legal Aid and Defender Association (NLADA) fanned out across Montana to gauge the extent of problems like those Bromgard encountered. In some counties, they found, public defenders reported being so overloaded they spent forty-five minutes per felony. Others said judges pressured them to pursue plea bargains for their clients regardless of the circumstances, or that they had no money to purchase office supplies, much less to hire experts to contest the evidence prosecutors presented in court. In one instance a lawyer was unaware that his client was a schizophrenic; another characterized investigating the charges against the people he represented as "aspirational activities."

The NLADA investigation was carried out at the behest of the ACLU, which in 2002 had filed a lawsuit charging seven Montana counties with failing to fulfill their constitutional obligation to provide indigent residents with qualified legal counsel. Afterward lawyers on both sides set about preparing for a bruising legal battle. Depositions were taken; arguments were prepared. The matter seemed destined to be settled in court. In May 2004, however, perhaps sensing that a ruling might not go in the state's favor, Montana Attorney General Mike McGrath announced that instead of fighting the lawsuit, he would work with the ACLU to convince the legislature to pass a bill addressing its concerns.

It was a novel concept, one that, in a fiercely libertarian state

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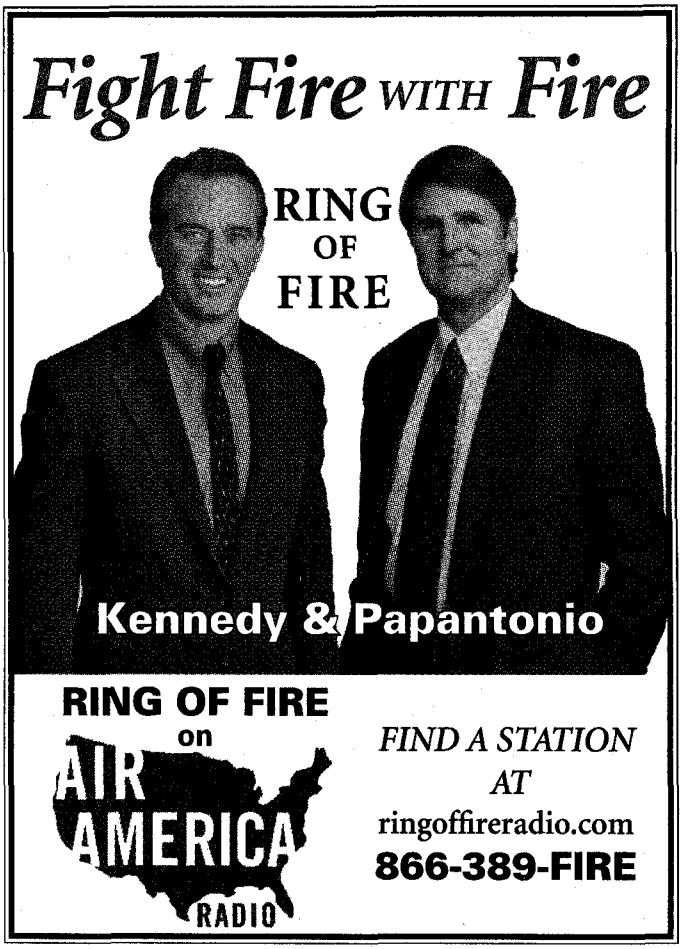
where suspicion of government runs deep, many people doubted could succeed, which is one of the reasons the ACLU agreed to suspend its lawsuit for one year to see how things played out, not withdraw it altogether. In June 2005 Montana became the first state to enact legislation modeled on the American Bar Association's "Ten Principles of a Public Defense Delivery System," creating a new Office of the State Public Defender that, among other things, would provide indigent defendants with lawyers as soon as possible, keep attorney caseloads reasonable and rigorously supervise performance to insure that the constitutional rights of anyone accused of a crime in Montana are upheld. To the surprise of everyone, the bill passed with overwhelming support from Democrats and Republicans alike.

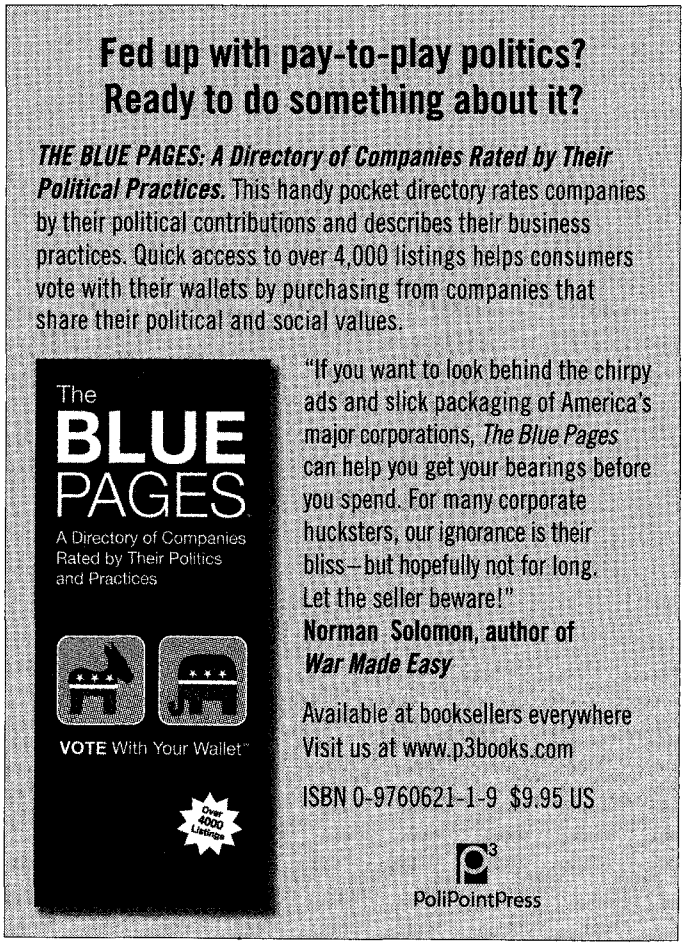
What makes the turnaround in Montana all the more noteworthy is that nationally, improving legal representation for indigent defendants has not exactly been a front-burner issue. Although Congress passed legislation addressing the lack of competent attorneys for poor people accused of capital crimes, the funds were never appropriated. The picture at the state level has not been much rosier. Three years ago, on the fortieth anniversary of *Gideon v. Wainwright*, the landmark Supreme Court decision establishing that states have a constitutional obligation to provide indigent defendants with counsel in felony cases—a right that subsequent rulings have extended to various other types of crime—the American Bar Association held a series of public hearings to examine whether its promise was being fulfilled. Its conclusion was grim. "Thousands of persons are processed through America's courts every year either with no lawyer at all or with a lawyer who does not have the time, resources, or in some cases the inclination to provide effective representation," the ABA report stated. "The fundamental right to a lawyer that Americans assume applies to everyone accused of criminal conduct effectively does not exist in practice for countless people across the United States."

David Carroll, director of research at the NLADA, says the crux of the problem is that since the *Gideon* decision so many states have left the task of implementation to counties, with predictably perverse results. "When you have counties funding the system, the ones that have higher crime, more poor people and the greatest needs tend to have the least tax base," he explained. "In a state like California, counties that have money—LA, Santa Clara—have really great systems and try to follow national standards. At the same time, the ones without tax revenue hire a single attorney for a flat fee. They have enormous caseloads with no supervision or training, and contracts that don't cover costs. The level of justice defendants receive depends on which side of the county line they live on."

Montana, before passage of the recent legislation, was a case in point. At the time the ACLU filed its lawsuit, only one of the seven counties it was suing even had a formal public defender office. There were no uniform training standards for lawyers representing poor people in different parts of the state, no rules limiting the caseloads they handled and no system to monitor performance, so that even the most basic functions, such as insuring that attorneys met with their clients, often were ignored.

While in Montana I drove one day to Missoula, a small city nestled in an old glacial lakebed in the western part of the state, to

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meet with Candace Bergman, one of the plaintiffs in the ACLU's suit. Bergman has curly brown hair, bright eyes and an attractive smile that disappeared when the subject turned to her experience with the criminal justice system. A few years ago she got arrested on a drug possession charge. A meth addict who knew she needed help but had never committed a violent crime and had two children to support, Bergman hoped that, with some guidance from the lawyer assigned to her case, she could get into treatment and turn her life around. For weeks, however, she sat in county jail without hearing from him. She wrote letters but received no reply. Bergman tried phoning, only to discover that collect calls from the detention facility weren't accepted. As the weeks passed, her frustration mounted. One day, she opened the newspaper and spotted a notice in the classifieds indicating that her trailer home had been auctioned off without her consent.

"I felt discarded, abandoned, ashamed," she told me. When she finally met with the lawyer, he told her he was leaving the Public Defender Office and that another attorney would take over her case. Nearly two months passed before she saw that lawyer. When she went before a judge, she was handed a six-month sentence, four months fewer than she'd already served.

Providing legal services for the poor is framed as a way to prevent wasteful spending—but creating a fair system may cost money.

Locally as well as nationally, stories like Bergman's have generally failed to move politicians, not least because the people being shortchanged are poor and, disproportionately, members of minority groups (in Montana Native-Americans are 7 percent of the population but 17 percent of those in the state corrections system). Yet beginning in 2003, the Law and Justice Interim Committee, a twelve-member legislative body divided evenly between Democrats and Republicans, started hearing months of testimony about how the system worked: private attorneys who pulled out all the stops to keep clients out of jail while overburdened public defenders encouraged theirs to cop pleas; counties where judges hand-picked public defenders they knew wouldn't put up much of a fight for the people they represented. The testimony evidently swayed members of both parties, for the effort to overhaul the system was "astoundingly bipartisan," says Vincent Warren, a senior staff attorney with the ACLU who spearheaded the litigation effort. Indeed, the bill approved by the legislature last year was co-sponsored by Democrat Mike Wheat, a state senator from Bozeman, and Dan McGee, a Republican from Laurel known as one of the most conservative members of the legislature—a fervent opponent of abortion and an antitax crusader who came into office as "a hang-em-high anticrime guy," according to Scott Crichton, head of the Montana ACLU.

As McGee tells it, he and other Republicans supported reform because they were convinced by arguments that the old system was fundamentally unfair. "One of the hallmark principles of American jurisprudence is you are innocent until proven guilty," McGee told me in an interview, a principle he said should apply to everyone, not just the rich. But McGee went on to strike a more pragmatic note as well: By creating uniform performance standards and a state office to oversee counties, he suggested, Montana could reduce the glut of appeals and wrongful convictions, insure that people being paid to work as public defenders actually do their jobs, and improve efficiency. It is not an argument widely in dispute. "There was absolutely no accountability in the old system," Pam Bucy, who works in the Attorney General's office, told me. "We didn't say the new system was going to be cheap. We said, You don't even know what you're paying now. What you need is accountability. I think that moved county officials, and it certainly moved the legislature."

It didn't hurt, of course, that lawmakers understood that failure to act might mean being forced to do so by a judge, as happened in November 2004, when the Montana Supreme Court affirmed a lower-court ruling declaring the state's system of funding public education unconstitutional. "I told legislators, If you don't fix this and we go to court and we win, you'll have a train wreck that will make school funding look like a picnic in the park," Ron Waterman told me. "The day a judge declares the system unconstitutional, every prosecution that goes forward thereafter is under question. And everyone who is incarcerated can say, The system that convicted me is unconstitutional. You could have a rehearing on 2,000-plus cases."

In places where the movement for reform is making headway, it's likewise been for a combination of principled and pragmatic reasons. "Any time an innocent person is convicted of a crime that was committed, the perpetrator was not," noted Rhoda Billings, the former Chief Justice of North Carolina, in an interview. Billings, a Republican, is among the co-chairs of the National Committee on the Right to Counsel, a bipartisan group of judges and public officials headed by former Vice President Walter Mondale. It is preparing a report on the consequences of failing to fulfill the obligation spelled out in *Gideon*. Like many people with firsthand experience in the courts, Billings has seen how abdicating responsibility can overwhelm the correctional system. "If criminal prosecution is not done effectively and efficiently, the cost runs up," she explained.

There are, of course, risks to framing provision of legal services for the poor as a good way to prevent wasteful spending—creating an equitable system may, after all, cost money. In early February, at a Chicago summit on indigent defense hosted by the ABA, Michael Mears, director of the Georgia Public Defender Standards Council, told me that to get fiscally conservative Republicans behind the effort to overhaul the system there, advocates stressed "efficiency and effectiveness." But, he acknowledged, "the downside of dealing with fiscally conservative people is that they really mean it." If insuring that every poor person is represented by a competent attorney ends up being expensive, reformers may end up regretting the promises they made.

It's a scenario some fear will crop up in Montana, which will have its new system up and running in June, at which point politicians will be watching closely to see what the price tag is. In a state with a limited tax base that ranks forty-ninth in wages, the hope many people have invested in the new law may come crashing up against the hard rock of fiscal reality. "What we have now is a wonderful piece of legislation," said Waterman. "But the day will come when we go back to the legislature and say, Here's what it will cost to fund it." At that point, he said,

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"there's going to be some struggle." Attorney General McGrath insisted to me that such concerns are overblown, since running a more accountable system will end up saving taxpayers money.

For now, anyway, it can at least be said that Montana has made a genuine commitment to change, which is a lot more than can be said of many other states. It has hired a Chief Public Defender, Randi Hood, who in 2004 was named Public Defender of the Year and who told me she intends to fire attorneys who fail to measure up. The state has created an eleven-member Public Defender Commission, staffed by attorneys with years of experience and headed by James Park Taylor, a former public defender and tribal attorney. Both Taylor and Hood acknowledge that implementing change will take time, but both also believe Montana may well serve as a model for other states looking to enact reforms in the years to come.

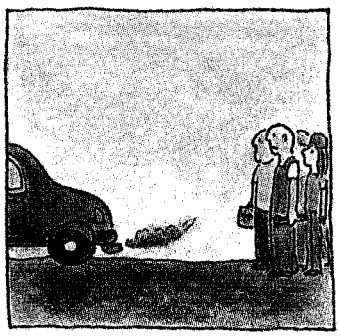
It is a point I heard echoed by Karla Gray, Chief Justice of the Montana Supreme Court. Gray was attending the ABA's Chicago summit to talk about the legislation Montana had passed, which she described to me as "visionary." When I mentioned that I was from New York, she told me that the Chief Judge there, Judith Kaye, was a friend of hers—a friend who's eager to see the Empire State follow in Montana's footsteps, it appears. A few months ago a commission examining New York's indigent defense system shared its interim findings with Judge Kaye. In her 2006 State of the Judiciary Address, she declared, "I have not seen the word 'crisis' so often, or so uniformly, echoed by all of the sources, whether referring to the unavailability of counsel in Town and Village Courts, or the lack of uniform standards for determining eligibility, or the counties' efforts to safeguard county dollars, or the disparity with prosecutors, or the lack of attorney-client contact, or the particular implications for communities of color." As the statement indicates, the assumption that indigent defendants are denied their rights only in the Deep South and in poorer states is wrong. The good news is that changing this is not impossible. As one person told me in Helena, if it can happen in Montana, it can happen anywhere. ■

A PROPOSED BANKRUPTCY PLAN WOULD LOWER THE BAR FOR AMERICAN AUTO WORKERS.

Dueling Over Delphi

DAVID MOBERG

Early last December some 1,000 United Automobile Workers members and supporters sat at tables in the spartan civic center of Kokomo, Indiana, listening to Democratic politicians commiserate about imminent threats to their livelihoods and the local economy. This city of 50,000 has relied on the auto industry for more than a century, since Elwood Haynes founded one of the first auto companies here. Now the local economy is dominated by four large Chrysler plants and a sprawling complex of corporate headquarters and high-tech production facilities belonging to the Delphi Corporation.



CAITLIN DOVER

On October 8, Delphi, one of the world's leading auto parts suppliers, declared bankruptcy, and shortly afterward its new CEO, Robert "Steve" Miller, a specialist in corporate reorganizations through bankruptcy, told workers his plan for them: cutting wages by two-thirds—to as little as $9.50 an hour—slashing pensions and healthcare, ripping up contractual job protections and eliminating the jobs of more than two-thirds of the company's 34,000 US production workers.

"This man is on a mission to destroy the American dream, American unions and American workers," thundered the heavy-set, white-haired UAW regional director, Terry Thurman, at the rally. "No, we draw the line here in Kokomo."

But in industrial towns throughout the Midwest, where the auto industry is still a major economic force, the questions remain both precisely where and by what means the unions at Delphi will draw their line. The auto unions, primarily the UAW and the Communications Workers (CWA), no longer set the pace to raise standards of living for American workers, and a major rollback could have the opposite effect, intensifying assaults on "middle class" incomes of both union and non-union workers and on America's creaky private health and retirement systems.

Delphi's cuts would be "absolutely devastating," says Henry Reichard, who heads the Delphi division of the CWA. "We would have the overwhelming majority of members in personal bankruptcy; or they would just walk away, since the personal bankruptcy laws have changed, making it harder to get rid of debt." Using corporate bankruptcy laws to its advantage, Delphi could also unleash a wave of similar moves at other global companies. "If they get away with this, how many other big companies will try it?" asks Sean McAlinden, an economist at the Center for Automotive Research. "All of them."

The Delphi saga begins with the decline of General Motors and the rise of imports, domestic production by foreign companies and independent parts suppliers. As the unions have been unable to organize the transformed industry, their share of the workforce has fallen by half, to roughly 30 percent—less in parts plants—over the past quarter-century, putting a squeeze on both workers' wages and the unionized companies.

In 1999 GM spun off its Delphi division as part of a strategy

David Moberg writes frequently for The Nation *on labor. Research support for this article was provided by the Investigative Fund of The Nation Institute.*

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to cut costs by subjecting it to competition with other parts makers, who are forced by the big automakers to reduce prices year after year, contributing to the current crisis: Dana, another big auto parts company, recently joined Delphi and at least five other smaller parts companies in bankruptcy. GM remained deeply involved in Delphi after the spinoff, guaranteeing retiree benefits through 2007. But Delphi won permission to hire new workers for half the wage of existing workers and without a traditional pension—roughly what the union already accepted at other major parts plants.

The plan for a gradual transition to this lower-wage future was short-circuited as oil prices spiked, GM continued to offer ill-designed products, its sales slumped, healthcare costs soared and GM's insistence on parts price cuts—now temporarily suspended—helped drive up Delphi's losses last year.

The UAW rejected Miller's initial proposals and hinted at a strike at Delphi, which could cost the ailing company billions of dollars and quite possibly shut down GM. Since then Miller has made several threats to use the bankruptcy court to enforce concessions, and the deadlines have been postponed repeatedly, most recently until the end of March. The unions have tried to draw GM into the search for a solution.

One big question is how much GM is willing to pay to avoid a strike by assuming responsibility for a share of Delphi's employees. The other side of the question is how big a hit, if any, workers are willing to take before they shut down Delphi.

"Personally, I've got my line in the sand drawn," said Dennis Krontz, a union official at Delphi's Coopersville, Michigan, fuel injector plant. "I'd be willing to take a $2-an-hour cut to help them out or help with some healthcare." But if they push for deeper cuts, he's ready to strike even if it kills Delphi and GM. "If I have nothing to lose," he said, "why do I care what happens to them?"

Among Delphi workers there is widespread anxiety and anger, but especially there's a sense of betrayal—by both GM and Delphi, by politicians of both parties and, for some, even by union leaders, whom they see as too closely partnered with management. Time and again, workers talk about Delphi's actions as "treason" or "economic terrorism."

In his comfortable house with limestone accents near Kokomo, Paul LaBarge sounded like a lot of Delphi employees. A maintenance pipefitter, LaBarge is a 54-year-old veteran and churchgoer who supported both Perot and Nader. Relaxing on a snowy evening before his fireplace in shorts and a UAW T-shirt, he described surviving two GM plant closings in the Chicago area before moving to Kokomo to work for Delphi. "They told us back then, if you did a good job, put your thirty years in, you'd retire with good benefits," he said. "I felt I put my time in and did a good job. GM let us down, and now Delphi has let us down. Most of the problems GM and Delphi are having are a result of management problems, and yet they're collecting their astronomical salaries, and we're suffering. The money made here they used for investing in Mexico, India, China and everywhere else. It's not right, trying to take away benefits and pensions from workers who worked all their lives, and leave you dry."

LaBarge feels powerless—"like a little speck of dust in the corner"—but he's willing to strike, not just for himself but for the rest of the country. "If Delphi gets away with this, it will open the floodgates for these other manufacturers to do the same things," he said. "I see it coming, a depression in this country, when nobody can buy or do anything. You'll see a lot of suicides, marriages breaking up. We had a guy who died of a heart attack at work. He'd been stressed out. Fifty-one years old. He was a pipefitter, too."

Most workers acknowledge that Delphi is losing money, but they're skeptical of the company's explanations given ongoing investigations of its financial misstatements. And they note that Delphi is not insolvent now and that the bankruptcy filing aims to provide future relief (which wouldn't be needed if GM's market share picked up modestly). They blame Delphi's woes partly on GM mismanagement: With nearly half its production going to GM, Delphi has suffered from GM's flawed vehicle strategy.

But workers are even more livid about Delphi managers. As they see it, Delphi underfunded their pension plan (by about $11 billion) and used the earnings from their hard work to build a low-wage overseas manufacturing empire. Now the company is declaring bankruptcy only on its US operations, omitting its profitable overseas plants. "There's no way they can be bankrupt," argues Marquita Cherry, a technical trainer and union representative from the Kokomo plant. "If I had a home in Cancun, a bankruptcy court would go after that."

Delphi workers know they make more than most other domestic auto parts workers, but when the company claimed publicly that labor costs averaged $76 an hour, it was sending them reports that their total compensation was much less, under $50 an hour. GM and Delphi do face legacy costs, but that's a cost of past workers, for which management often did not plan adequately. Comparisons in the parts industry can also be misleading: Even current wages at the giant Kokomo integrated-circuit fabrication plant are in line with or slightly below the standard for such high-tech operations, argues Brian Stover, a maintenance electrician and part-time college business teacher. There's little reason for wage cuts at the company's profitable domestic plants.

On the other hand, at some low-tech Delphi plants, starting wages are already below Miller's rejected opening proposal. And Miller has made clear that cutting wages will not protect roughly two-thirds of the jobs. In recent years the CWA has agreed to deep concessions at several Delphi plants. But negotiator Reichard observed, "We put competitive agreements in place to get jobs, and we lost two-thirds of our members. If they can't keep jobs at $8 an hour, you have to question their ability to keep them at all." Delphi workers report that even friends and family often view their wages as too high. "People say I should be ashamed of myself for wages and benefits I have," said Larry Kerns, who attended the Kokomo rally. "I disagree. A lot of blue-collar folks and white-collar folks think this is the coming thing: You don't deserve good wages and benefits. Why should I lower my standard of living? Why don't we work together to raise your standards up?" But the UAW's standards no longer lift up other workers as clearly as they once did.

The final insult came with Delphi's executive compensation plan for the same people who led the company to bankruptcy. In the first six months it would have given the top executives incentive bonuses equal to the total compensation of Toyota's top thirty-three executives, according to the *New York Times*,

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plus roughly $500 million in bonuses and equity after bankruptcy to 500 to 600 executives. Part of the plan has been deferred, but the bankruptcy court approved immediate retention incentives. "Why are CEOs allowed to get raises when they made horrendous business mistakes?" asks Cherry. "Our wages are always easiest to cut. Help me with that."

Ed Overstreet may need help if he loses his job. "If I can't get into GM," says the 44-year-old tool-and-die maker from Kokomo, "it's back to the old game I used to play when I got out of high school," looking for whatever he can find. "It would put me in a big pinch," he says. "I've got two kids in college, and my son's school costs $16,000 a year. You base your lifestyle on what your wages are: The banks look at your pay and say you can afford a $150,000 house." But he figures it might be hard to keep his house when other factories in the area pay so much less than Delphi or are cutting employment, even declaring bankruptcy.

And his woes could even hurt workers at a local shop like the Waffle House, where kitchen staff make $6 to $8 an hour. If Delphi slashes workers' pay, "I think it will definitely keep some folks from coming in to eat," says manager Paul McCune. "I hear a lot of customers talk about it—even asking if it would affect our business. It could be a domino effect."

The looming threat was also the talk at Champs Bar in downtown Coopersville, where amid the glowing beer signs workers from the nearby high-tech fuel injector plant gathered one afternoon to discuss it. Toolmaker Tony Walkons was uncertain about his approaching retirement plans. "Now I have my doubts I can do it," he said. "I don't know what will happen. If they cut the pension, there goes my truck camper and travel in the US. My lifetime plan has been affected, right at the end of my career. What a way to end."

"This is the end of the middle class," said Kim Klapfenstein, 50, who says he'll fight any concessions. "Let's start right here in Coopersville."

"We're only a small part," chimed in Chris Brown, who hails from a family of immigrant German farmers. "It's been happening a long time. The working class is being crucified on a cross of corporate greed. This is only the latest battle." Last year workers at his sister's auto parts plant voted for deep concessions, but the work was shifted to Mexico anyway. And he worries that his kids, despite going to college, won't be able to find any high-tech jobs.

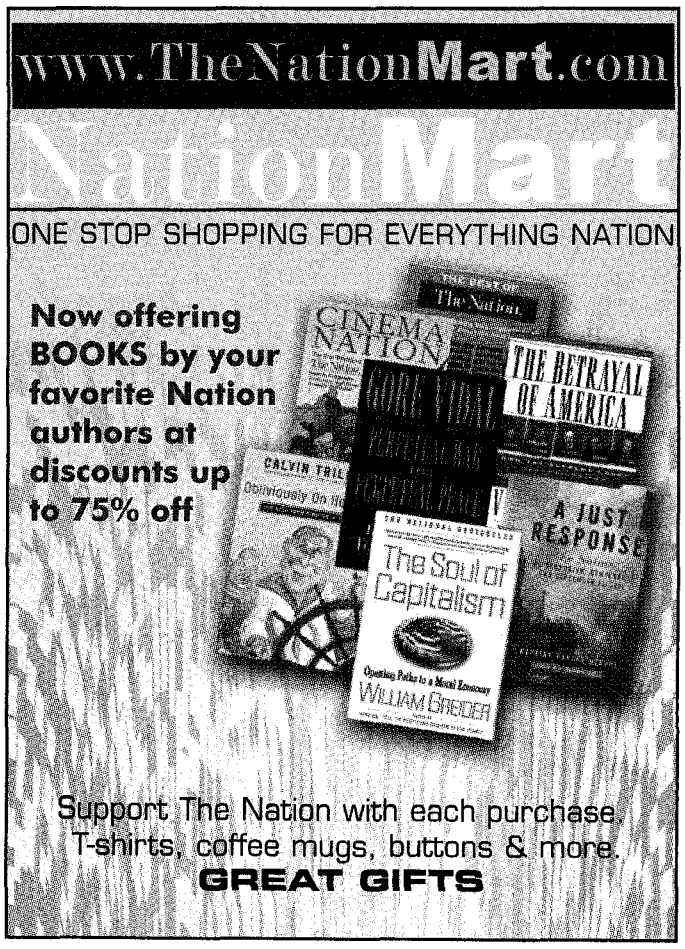
"We can't depend on the unions, the Democrats, the Republicans," he grumbled. "We have to get ourselves mobilized, everyone in the plant and across plants—and it's good they're organizing service workers. They're killing the American dream for all of us except that top 10 percent."

Coopersville is the home plant of Gregg Shotwell, a modestly built man with an understated sense of humor, and potentially an influential figure in how the Delphi story plays out. Using his Internet newsletter, "Live Bait & Ammo," Shotwell has been the key figure organizing more than a dozen meetings of Delphi workers interested in the kind of collective mobilization Brown described. Calling themselves Soldiers of Solidarity, this network of activists has been preparing—and practicing on a growing scale—a work-to-rule campaign to put pressure on Delphi by doing only what they're told to do, effectively slowing work by not using their usual creativity. Often a critic of the UAW leadership, Shotwell now is ironically—but intentionally—giving the union more clout through the SOS mobilization. "They're negotiating in the boardroom," he says. "We are organizing horizontally and negotiating at the point of production."

In the boardroom GM appears to be prepared to reduce its workforce, accept some returning Delphi workers and pick up much of Delphi's retirement costs in order to prevent a strike, and to lower wages for remaining Delphi workers—a deal that may be acceptable to many workers but probably not to the SOS. It is equally possible that Delphi will push for too much, triggering widespread work-to-rule actions or a strike.

Less likely, union negotiators could turn to a novel strategy proposed by Ian Chan Hodges, founder of an inventors' group called American Ingenuity Alliance, and work with allies to make a bid for Delphi's many patents, which were radically undervalued in the bankruptcy. Then the new organization holding the patents would lease them back to Delphi with conditions about where the company would invest its funds.

The UAW still has great potential industrial power if it embraces the work-to-rule resistance that has already emerged in pockets, or if it decides to go on strike. Auto workers, accustomed to crisis, are nevertheless reluctant to pay for problems that management created, especially to enrich those managers. The response to SOS suggests a "sleeping militancy" among Delphi workers, argues Todd Jordan, a 28-year-old third-generation autoworker at the Kokomo plant whose blog has become a center for militants. "They'll roll us all back seventy years," he warns. "Does the rank and file want it to happen, or will we fight?" ■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EXCHANGE
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(Continued From Page 2)
evidence" and "playing the bully's game of triumph of the will." Until I read Lazare's review, I had no idea that all of this added up, as Lazare puts it, to a "half-hearted defense of the war in Iraq." That Gitlin is very sly! Thank goodness we have sharp-eyed and intellectually scrupulous critics like Lazare to expose him.

BRIAN MORTON

Chevy Chase, Md.

■ Any future historian seeking a prime example of idiocy on the American left will have to look no further than Daniel Lazare's tirade against Todd Gitlin's latest book. Here she will find Gitlin, a consistent and eloquent opponent of the Iraq War, described as a member of the "foreign policy establishment" and an ally of "authoritarianism." Here she will find Lazare mocking the very idea that left-wing patriotism can be anything other than a surrender to jingoism—although such worthies as Frederick Douglass, Eugene Debs and Martin Luther King Jr. invoked American ideals to support their demands. And here she will find evidence that certain radicals gain more satisfaction from hating a prominent progressive like Gitlin than in figuring out how to rescue the positive aspects of national traditions from the right-wing government that speaks in their name. *The Intellectuals and the Flag* is a splendid contribution to the revival of a credible left that might actually play a part in changing our country. Lazare's review is a mélange of falsehoods and baseless rants that reminded me of the kind of hack jobs once performed by Stalinist writers like Mike Gold and V.J. Jerome. It should have no place in the most popular weekly on the current American left.

MICHAEL KAZIN

LAZARE REPLIES

New York City

■ Todd Gitlin has written a long, furious blast of a letter, so I'll be as clear and calm as I can in reply. It is beyond me why Gitlin characterizes my point about the importance of perspective as "thuggish." I think it's obvious: The "optic" one chooses to view a particular event helps determine one's perception, analysis and response. In Gitlin's case, choosing to view 9/11 through patriotic lenses fairly insured that he'd join in the mood of belligerent nationalism that was sweeping the country and that he'd be incensed at those who refused to do likewise. The astonishing charge of "schadenfreude" that he hurled at certain unnamed leftists in his notorious *Mother Jones* article a few months later was the inevitable upshot. Not even Bush or Cheney went this far. Yet Gitlin not only refuses to apologize but is now furious that I would even bring it up.

Gitlin writes that "Lazare is so contemptuous of the contrast I draw between patriotism and nationalism that he can't be troubled to note it." But in fact I quoted him at length on the subject of "democratic patriotism." I just didn't find his comments very convincing. Gitlin describes me as loathsome, tendentious and demented for suggesting that the arguments in *The Intellectuals and the Flag* add up to "a halfhearted defense" of the Iraq War and adds that I quoted "exactly nothing from my book that says such a thing." But while noting his statement that the Bush Administration's reasons for going to war were "shabby, sloppy and evasive," I also quoted him as saying that "the other powers' approach" to the problem of Saddam was deficient and that removing Saddam was not without its "virtues." Despite Bush's shortcomings, in other words, Gitlin managed to find something good to say about the invasion's chief goal while arguing that no one else was able to come up with anything better. I think "a halfhearted defense" in this context is entirely accurate.

Although I didn't say so in my review, I might point out that Gitlin went on in his book to describe the invasion not as wrong, but as merely "botched"—which suggests that, had it been properly executed, he might very well have been in support. I might also point out that he set off a round of booing at the 2003 Socialist Scholars Conference when, on the eve of the invasion, he told the assembled leftists to brace themselves because the outcome might turn out to be better than they were expecting. Needless to say, he was wrong. Gitlin no doubt thought he was being very sage in criticizing not only Bush but leftists who, he thought, were soft on Saddam. But the charge was groundless and only succeeded in infuriating the war's opponents.

Gitlin accuses me of failing to quote the distinction he draws between Paul Berman's thesis that Islamic fundamentalism, communism and fascism are all brothers under the skin and his own position that Islamic fundamentalism's "roots are principally non-Western and that the wrong interventions—as against Iraq's Ba'athist tyranny—are likely to backfire." I didn't quote it, because I thought it was a minor qualification that added little to the overall discussion. But maybe I should have, if only because it exemplifies so much of what is wrong with his writing. After all, what does the struggle against Islamic fundamentalism have to do with overthrowing a Baathist regime that was predominantly secular and nationalist? Not only is the statement that "wrong interventions...are likely to backfire" a tautology (can wrong interventions do anything but backfire?) but it is also a purely pragmatic argument that, by limiting itself to the likely consequences of such actions, avoids any question as to their underlying morality. The point is not whether intervention would work (whatever "work" means in this context) but whether it would be right or wrong in the first place.

A few other points: Gitlin says I am wrong to argue that if fundamentalism and Soviet Communism were brothers under the skin, it would beg the question of why they "would fight a war to the death in Afghanistan." He replies that ideological brothers often go to war with one another and cites Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union during World War II as an example. But this statement leaves me puzzled. Is he saying that the Nazis and Soviets were ideological brothers as well? If so, he should be aware that the only people who maintained this position at the time were a few isolationists calling for a plague on both their houses and quietly hoping that Hitler would be left alone to finish the job against Stalin. Most others, including nearly everyone on the left, recognized that despite certain superficial similarities at the top, the war between Germany and Russia was between fundamentally antagonistic social systems. If Gitlin disagrees, perhaps he should explain why.

Finally, I'm glad that Gitlin and Pollitt are friends, but I still find his comments about Noam Chomsky to be despicable. I don't know Chomsky and actually disagree with a fair amount of what he has to say. Yet I'm absolutely confident that he was as appalled and outraged at the slaughter of the innocents on 9/11 as everyone else. If he brought up Sudan, it was only to make the vital point that while the victims were innocent the US government was not, and that Americans should demand that it come clean about its many unsavory activities in the Third World. If more dissidents had succeeded in making themselves heard in those days, we would be a lot better off now. But they were quickly silenced by people yelling "schadenfreude" and other terms of abuse, and so the war effort continued unimpeded.

Hatchet man...fabrication...loathsome: Gitlin insists that patriotism is an ideology of tolerance but grows angry and abusive when confronted with someone who disagrees. What's wrong with this picture?

Regarding Brian Morton and Michael Kazin, it's clear that Gitlin has been e-mailing his *Dissent* colleagues to get them to respond. I wonder what left-wing stalwarts on the editorial board we'll be hearing from next—Paul Berman? Martin Peretz? Perhaps Mitchell Cohen will write in to explain why he supports the war, while his co-editor Michael Walzer clears up the mysteries of his own anti-antiwar position. The 2002 *Times* op-ed article Morton cites was actually a hack job that attacked "intellectuals and activists on the far left" who, according to Gitlin, "could not be troubled much with compassion or defense." Once again, he portrays leftists as anti-American ideologues unmoved by 3,000 deaths, which is undoubtedly why the *Times* chose to run that absurd piece. Kazin's letter is even worse—an obnoxious, bullying screed that insists we all acknowledge Gitlin as "a consistent and eloquent opponent" of the war merely because Kazin says so. As for the charge of Stalinism, I've been the most fervent of anti-Stalinists ever since joining a Trotskyist cell in Madison, Wisconsin, at age 20 (a long, long time ago, unfortunately). In neolib-speak, "Stalinist" seems to be a general term of abuse for anyone daring to challenge the left-wing credentials of the various stuffed shirts who write for *Dissent*. Wherever he is, I'm sure that Uncle Joe is enjoying the compliment.

DANIEL LAZARE

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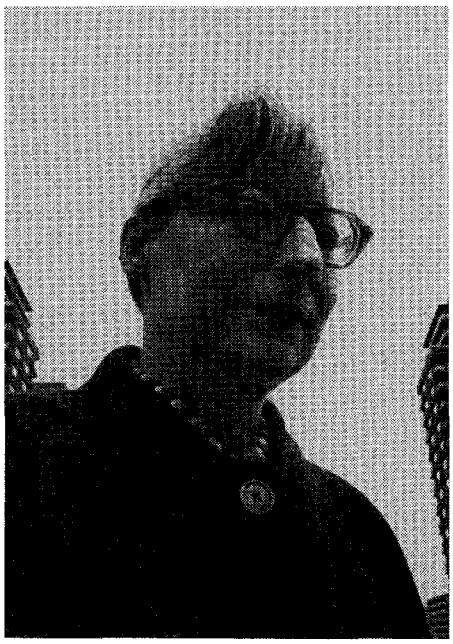
BOOKS & THE ARTS

TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

Rachel Carson, 1962

GETTY IMAGES

Betty Friedan, 1980



TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

Jane Jacobs, 1963

Three Who Made a Revolution

REBECCA SOLNIT

At a dinner table last fall, I mentioned that Women's Strike for Peace did some extraordinary things in the early 1960s, not least helping to bring down the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC). A well-known political writer sitting across from me sneered that the women in WSP were insignificant and that HUAC didn't exist by then anyway. He was wrong on both counts, but his remark wasn't surprising. The way people talk in decades suggests that the 1950s and '60s never overlapped and thereby blanks out the first half of the latter decade to make the second half into "the '60s," that era popularly imagined as a revolutionary romp by a bunch of anti-war young men. In fact, those young men took up a revolutionary challenge raised in part by middle-aged women who launched some of the key ideas and fought some of the first battles in their defense. The radical and powerful Women's Strike for Peace did it in the streets (and in the hearings chamber—Eric Bentley, in his history of HUAC, credits WSP with striking the crucial blow in the fall of "HUAC's Bastille" in 1962). Jane Jacobs, Rachel Carson and Betty Friedan did it in books.

Jacobs's *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* appeared in 1961, Carson's *Silent Spring* came out the following year and Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* appeared in 1963. These three intellectual bombs collectively assailed almost every institution in American and indeed industrial and Western society. Jacobs ripped into the reinvented postwar city, urban planners' obsession with segregating home from work, rich from poor, urban dwellings from the street and from commerce, business from residential, people from one another, making cities over in the new image of suburbia—and by implication, the belief in progress and technology and institutional control. Carson radically questioned the faith in big science and its disastrous new solutions to age-old problems, and maybe even the old Cartesian worldview of isolated fragments, which she replaced with a precocious vision of ecosystems in which con-

Rebecca Solnit's Hope in the Dark: Untold Histories, Wild Possibilities *(Nation Books) is out in a new and expanded edition. Her other recent books include* A Field Guide to Getting Lost *and, with Mark Klett and Byron Wolfe,* Yosemite in Time: Ice Ages, Tree Clocks, Ghost Rivers.

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taminants like DDT and fallout kept traveling from their origins to touch and taint everything. Friedan took on the women's half of the American dream, gender, patriarchy and the middle-class suburban family, bringing the assault full circle. After all, the suburbanization Jacobs excoriated was designed to produce the all-too-private lives Friedan investigated. Together, these three writers addressed major facets of the great modern project to control the world on every scale, locating it in the widespread attacks on nature, on women and on the chaotic, the diverse, the crowded and the poor. Their work transformed our perceptions of the indoor world of the home, the outdoor world of cities and the larger realm of the biosphere, opening vast new possibilities for social transformation.

It's true, as some critics have argued, that Jacobs, Carson and Friedan mostly avoided a deeper systemic analysis. Yet such an effort is implicit in Friedan's constant references to the marketers and advertisers who wish to keep women as good consumers, in Jacobs's scorn for top-down solutions and grand-plan developers, in Carson's condemnation of the chemical manufacturers and pest-prone monocropping of agribusiness. *Silent Spring* declares, "There is still very limited awareness of the nature of the threat. This is an era of specialists, each of whom sees his own problem and is unaware of or intolerant of the larger frame into which it fits. It is also an era dominated by industry, in which the right to make a dollar at whatever cost is seldom challenged." Rereading their books, I wonder if they didn't name the beast because their old-left contemporaries who did proffered such an unappealing alternative to corporate capitalism and were being persecuted for doing so. Or perhaps they just weren't interested in that kind of broad prescription—their books, after all, were broad enough.

What's more, the standard-issue socialism of the era was far less radical than the ostensible "reformism" of these three writers, insofar as it accepted the premises of a civilization that was flawed from birth. Lurking as an unexpressed and possibly inexpressible idea in these three books is a searching critique of industrial civilization as a whole, and maybe some other aspects of Western civilization all the way back to when Adam blamed Eve. If they failed to join the revolution of their time, they laid the groundwork for the far grander one that was coming: the one rethinking nature, agriculture, food, gender, sex, race, domestic life, home and housing, transportation, energy use, environmental ideas, war, violence and a few other things—the one that has made it possible to question every authority and tradition.

Death and Life and *Silent Spring* are still magnificent, still readable, though only the former seems contemporary. Jacobs's book describes with brilliant specificity what works and what doesn't in cities, in language that is fearless and crisp as a trumpet blast: "The pseudo-science of city planning and its companion, the art of city design...have not yet embarked on the adventure of probing the real world." She describes the social ecology of cities, enumerating what generates safety, pleasure, liveliness, complexity, civilization as an everyday outdoor experience. Many concessions have been made to her hugely influential arguments—the building of Le Corbusier–style housing projects for the poor has more or less ceased, and my own city, San Francisco, has made a number of decisions one suspects she approves, such as rebuilding an earthquake-damaged stretch of elevated highway as a broad surface street with pedestrian amenities.

Thanks to the work of Friedan, Jacobs and Carson, the home, the city and the biosphere itself have never looked quite the same.

But much of what she describes as wrong is still wrong, and places like Las Vegas and Phoenix seem to have devoted themselves to defying her every insight and prescription. Often viewed as conservative for its lack of enthusiasm for big government, *Death and Life* was not about the virtues of free enterprise but of local control. What it celebrated most was life in public, the everyday life of the streets that seven years later would become the extraordinary life of the streets in protest, demonstration and revolt, in Prague, in Paris, in Mexico City and in cities and on campuses across the United States. (Jacobs was so opposed to the Vietnam War she moved her family to Toronto, getting her draft-age sons out of the reach of the Army.)

Carson's book is extraordinary to revisit. To read its early passages is like listening to God call the world into being during the days of its creation, even if this is only the world of environmental ideas: A passage here evokes issues taken up by Alfred Crosby in *Ecological Imperialism*, one there recalls Vandana Shiva's critiques of biotechnology, another seems to prefigure Michael Pollan's *The Botany of Desire*, another Sandra Steingraber's *Living Downstream*, and her strong clear voice is still audible in Terry Tempest Williams's environmental writing. Carson wasn't the first to come to grips with many of these environmental crises looming at the end of the 1950s; her brilliant achievement in *Silent Spring* was to synthesize technical information hitherto unavailable to the general public and to make that newly awakened public understand and care.

The book had a colossal impact from the beginning and is often credited with inspiring the DDT ban that went into effect nationwide in 1972. Though some now challenge the relationship between DDT and eggshell-thinning in wild birds, species from brown pelicans to bald eagles and peregrine falcons have rebounded from the brink of extinction since the ban. Conservatives like Michael Crichton prefer to blame Carson and environmentalists for "millions of deaths" from malaria, but the ban was never applied worldwide and DDT is still used selectively overseas (Carson pointed out that since mosquitoes quickly develop resistance to DDT, as insects do to many other pesticides, the stuff is hardly a cure-all). But picking on Carson over DDT misses the point that she was the first to describe the scope of the sinister consequences of a chemical society, the possibility that, with herbicides, pesticides and the like, we were poisoning not just pests, or pests and some songbirds and farmworkers, but everyone and everything for a very long time forward. As one chapter opening puts it, "For the first time in the history of the world, every human being is now subjected to contact with dangerous chemicals, from the moment of conception until death." Still true. And if the particulars of the chemicals identified by Carson have changed enough that her book no longer has the currency Jacobs's does, that may be one measure of its success. Another is the far greater environmental literacy of the public, the necessary precursor to any broad environmental movement.

In *The Feminine Mystique* Friedan, who died earlier this year at age 85, described an array of nebulous social forces—women's magazines, Freudian psychology, politicians' speeches, advertising and more—pressuring and persuading women to be stay-at-home mothers, producing the baby boom and consuming household and beauty products and demeaning, demoralizing ideas about their capabilities. Her job

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was hardest of all, because these forces weren't technically coercive; to prove that they were, she had to argue against the powerful facade of contented domesticity, a facade not only men but many women were (and are) bent on preserving. Simply by demonstrating the forces that had pushed women back into the home after the war and into a more retrograde version of female identity, Friedan was digging deep and fighting hard; if her book now seems overly focused on middle-class married white women with kids, it carved out wholly new territory to think about what we might nowadays call the production of identity and the possibility of resistance.

Friedan punctured the powerful facade of contented domesticity, one that not only men but many women were bent on preserving.

In many respects, *The Feminine Mystique* seems dated now. Friedan's background in psychology seems to have made her susceptible to a lot of the era's clucking over "delinquency," homosexuality, adultery and promiscuity, as though she were witnessing the first stirrings of what would become feminist and sexual revolutions without seeing the implications. Nor does she question the foundations (if not the delights) of marriage, affluence or suburbia. Still, there are fleeting moments when she recognizes the links between the "feminine mystique" and consumer capitalism, as in her observation that "in the suburbs where most hours of the day there are virtually no men at all...women who have no identity other than sex creatures must ultimately seek their reassurance through the possession of 'things.'"

Friedan's inchoate solution to "the problem that has no name" seems to be that these educated middle-class women need careers or some kind of intellectual stimulation, a solution far less profound than her analysis of the problem, and one that overlooked the women who were already invading politics. In *The Feminine Mystique* she said of the 1950s, "It was easier to look for Freudian sexual roots in man's behavior, his ideas, and his wars than to look critically at his society and act constructively to right its wrongs." Of course, Friedan would go on to think more radically about what women's lives could become and what we could change, and of course in writing for women's magazines and then taking up a five-year residence at the New York Public Library's Allen Room, where she wrote her landmark book, she was having more of a career than she let on—not to mention a history of youthful activism in left and labor politics that she seldom discussed.

Jacobs and Carson were also working—the former as an editor at *Architectural Forum*, the latter as an independent writer. Indeed, they and the WSP activists seem like the women Friedan imagined but did not actually portray in her book. Married with three children, Jacobs continued a professional life of writing, engaging in the world of ideas and, by the time her book appeared, fighting Robert Moses's plan to put an expressway through Greenwich Village's Washington Square. Indeed, she was able to shame the nation's anointed urbanist, Lewis Mumford, into supporting the cause, even though he had just patronized her book in *The New Yorker* as "Mother Jacobs's Home Remedies" and reduced her description of the rich social life an urbanite might experience on the street to "the little flirtations that season a housewife's day."

Sexism in those days went around undisguised; *Time* magazine, in the course of asserting that DDT posed no human health problems, brazenly portrayed "Miss Carson" as "hysterically overemphatic" with a "mystical attachment to the balance of nature," her book as an "emotional and inaccurate outburst." Carson, who never married but raised a couple of nieces and a great-nephew, had been a successful scientist and writer within the federal government before she became an independent full-time and bestselling author in 1952. *Silent Spring* was published in September 1962. The Cuban missile crisis began a month later, and for a while people in the United States thought they wouldn't have the luxury of dying slowly from chemicals, rather than suddenly from bombs.

A year earlier, the United States and the Soviet Union had decided to resume nuclear testing after an informal three-year moratorium. In response, six women met in Washington, DC, and began to organize what became, on November 1, 1961, a nationwide strike of tens of thousands of women in sixty cities across the country—mostly married-with-children middle-class white women whose radical potential would grow with the decade. The aboveground tests were already known to create radioactive clouds that drifted over the earth, dropping radioactive byproducts as they went. Strontium 90 was seeping into mother's milk and thereby into newborn children; the weapons that were supposed to protect civilians in case of an all-out war were routinely contaminating them. Using their status as middle-class moms as a shield, WSP activists plunged into the fray, taking risks no one else had dared, refusing to screen out potential communists and reaching out to women in the USSR. Within a couple of years, they had helped bring into being the Limited Test Ban Treaty (an achievement acknowledged by UN chief U Thant and President Kennedy) and made a mockery of HUAC's anticommunist inquisitions. In early 1964, they were among the first to oppose the Vietnam War.

Epochal insurrection was breaking out all over during what is often seen as the nation's most repressive era. The civil rights movement was in full swing (though the contributions of key players like Ella Baker and Rosa Parks would be marginalized and/or downplayed). In the 1950s the Mattachine Society and Daughters of Bilitis organized, respectively, gays and lesbians; the Daughters held their first national conference in San Francisco in 1960, the year students and labor protested HUAC's anti-educator hearings in that city in one of the first confrontations that looked like "the '60s." Tom Hayden spent the summer of 1960 with students in SLATE, the Berkeley student activists' organization, and brought what he learned back to Michigan and Students for a Democratic Society. The history of SDS is well-enough known at this point; that WSP was working side by side with SDS on antidraft and anti-war organizing has been airbrushed out of history's official portrait. But the later '60s only reaped what the more daring had sown at the beginning of the decade. And among the most visionary sowers were those women whose achievements as books and bans and changed roles are still here.

An e-mail arrived as I was finishing this essay, detailing the work of four or five women researching and deploying new bioremediation technologies in the clean-up of New Orleans' toxic residues. Based at the Common Ground community center, these women are scientists, environmentalists and urban activists all at once, and the e-mail goes on to describe them conferring while a young man reads a book to three girls in daycare. It's hard to imagine this guerrilla cleanup team now without Carson, Friedan and Jacobs then. "Only a book" is a popular epithet, implying that writing always takes place on the sidelines, but these three make it clear that books can change the world. ■

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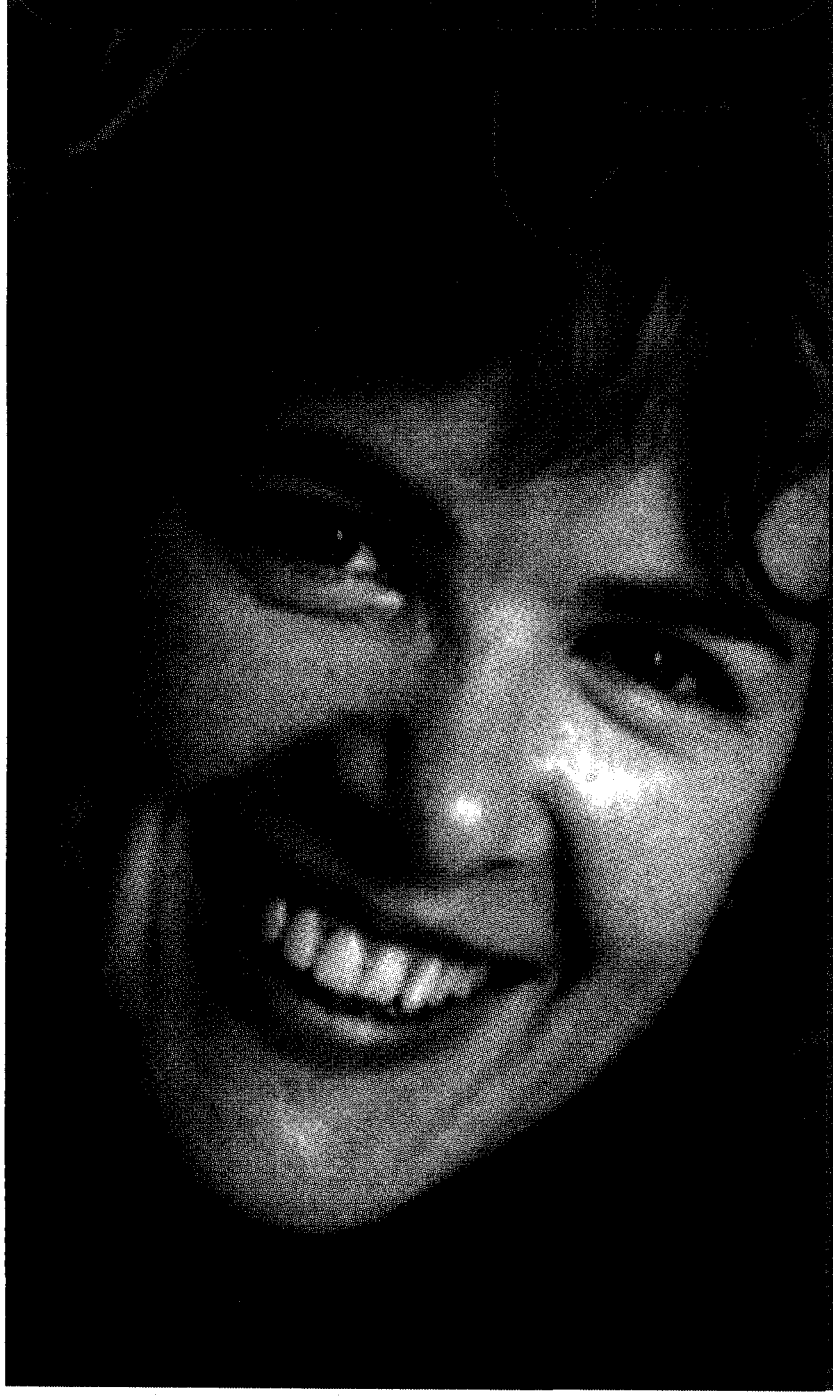

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Crowds and Power

STEVE FRASER

DEATH IN THE HAYMARKET: A Story of Chicago, the First Labor Movement and the Bombing That Divided Gilded Age America.
By James Green. Pantheon. 383 pp. $26.95.

Eighty-five, bent and nearly blind, as poor as the day she arrived there more than a half-century earlier, Lucy Parsons addressed a rally in Chicago on November 11, 1937. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the day her husband, Albert Parsons, and three other anarchists were hanged by the State of Illinois for allegedly throwing a bomb in Haymarket Square at an open-air rally in May 1886, a rally called to condemn a brutal attack the previous day by police on striking workers at the McCormick Reaper Works. She was there to memorialize the Haymarket anarchists and to cry out against a more recent act of deadly violence, the "Memorial Day Massacre" that spring, when Chicago police shot ten men in the back who had gathered, along with thousands of others, to demand union recognition at Republic Steel, a bitterly antiunion corporation. For Lucy nothing had changed. Such savagery would continue, she told her listeners, until capitalism was overthrown. That was the nub of a conviction that had inspired her, her husband, their comrades and untold numbers of others all across late nineteenth-century America. They were alive in an age that, with the singular exception of the Civil War, was arguably the most protracted period of social violence in the country's history; one might even call it an undeclared second civil war following hard on the heels of the first.

Haymarket reverberates. It always has, echoing down the decades with the sound of gunfire and grief. The tragic events leading up to the execution of the Haymarket martyrs have been told over and again in plays and poems, in novels and films, in histories and documentary anthologies, in cartoons and protest banners, most recently in a video and, at long last, as a permanent memorial erected on that fateful square less than two years ago. If you want to know about the Haymarket affair, there's a dazzling array of sources to choose from. But if you must choose just one, read James Green's *Death in the Haymarket*. It tells the tale with extraordinary grace. Its simplicity of expression carries an understated dramatic charge that stays with you long after finishing. Its collection of newspaper illustrations, cartoons and photographs heightens the tactile evocation of an age that now seems so remote. Moreover, Green, a professor of labor history at the University of Massachusetts, Boston, deftly uses the Haymarket story to peer deep inside the fears and hopes of a nation living on the knife-edge of social catastrophe. And after all, that is just how multitudes felt when the bomb went off in their midst.

Today, such a moment is hard to recall, even to imagine. This is not only because we live in a pathologically amnesiac culture. It also has something to do with the triumph (that is, in the realm of ideology and culture) of democratic capitalism, celebrated by its boosters as "shareholder democracy." Last year was the fiftieth anniversary of a remarkable work of history, Louis Hartz's *The Liberal Tradition in America*. Hartz is famous for having argued that, thanks to the absence of any entrenched feudal-aristocratic past, the United States had bypassed the class-based social and political divisions that tore apart nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europe. Instead, our political culture remained forever trapped within the claustrophobic confines of a Lockean consensus, defined by the universal pursuit of propertied independence and individual material acquisition. Hartz's thesis on "American exceptionalism" has never seemed more apropos than it does today. But *Death in the Haymarket* is a stunning refutation of that rather Olympian view of American history precisely at the point where Hartz thought it best applied: namely, during the Gilded Age. It was then, so the Harvard political scientist believed, that upper-class businessmen—and their panegyrists in the newsroom, the pulpit and the academy—shed their elitist pretensions and learned to talk the talk of Horatio Alger, the idiom of every man a capitalist. But where Hartz imagined one nation under The Market, Green paints a picture of one nation dividing in two where the haves and have-nots are united by little more than their premonition of an impending, violent confrontation.

Death in the Haymarket brilliantly depicts this profoundly fractured universe, its atmosphere of hardening suspicions and conspiratorial paranoia. Here the material and cultural abyss separating the "dangerous classes" from their social overlords severed all communication, except the exchange of metaphorical artillery: incendiary hallucinations about "crazed offal" and "unwashed gutter snipes" from the Paris Commune alongside furious denunciations of the "Property Beast" and wits-end anarchist hallelujahs for dynamite as the proletariat's best friend. It was a Dickensian best and worst of times, when hunger marchers paraded solemnly past the mansions, gentlemen's clubs and luxury department stores of Chicago's "better half." The atmosphere seemed infused with a mounting readiness to settle accounts once and for all, and not just in dollars and cents. What was at stake, many believed, was nothing less than the future of the good society. Would it be hierarchical or egalitarian, competitive or cooperative, democratic or tyrannical? Would the patriarchal family survive or give way to something scarily unknown? Would the social order be hard-wired by ethnicity and race, or would it surmount those purportedly natural divisions? Unsettled as these questions were, the age overflowed with futuristic literature, of utopias and dystopias, from Edward Bellamy's Panglossian and enormously influential *Looking Backward* to Populist tribune Ignatius Donnelly's horrific anticipation of a class Armageddon in *Caesar's Column*.

At work were two historic undercurrents whose momentum proved irresistible. Both were propelled by a convulsive economy marked by deadly competition, wild booms and panics, chronic deflation, deep depressions in the 1870s and '90s and shallower ones in between—in a word, chaos. A later, more complacent time would characterize all this as the "takeoff" stage of American industrial development. Back then, however, what people lived through was more raw and ugly. One process involved the near ex-

Steve Fraser, the author of Every Man a Speculator: A History of Wall Street in American Life *(just released in paperback) and the co-editor of* Ruling America: A History of Wealth and Power in a Democracy, *is working on a book about the Gilded Age.*

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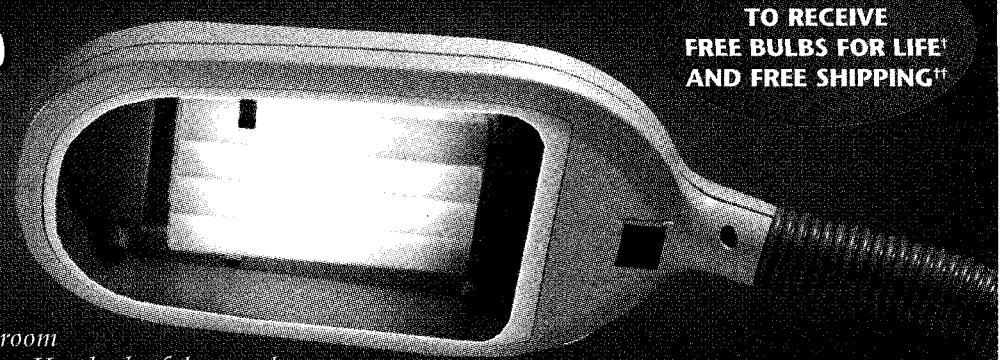

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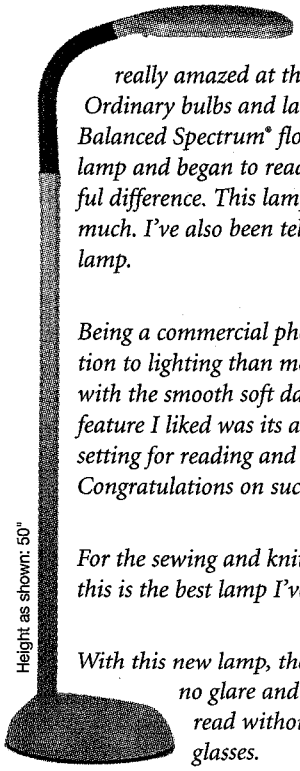

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tinction of the family farm and a whole way of life through a protracted campaign of primitive accumulation by the nation's financial establishment. The second upheaval transformed millions of onetime European peasants and skilled artisans into proletarians, native-born and immigrant, who together found themselves descending into a world of brutal exploitation and abject powerlessness. Together these cataclysms converged to generate an enveloping universe of the aggrieved, boiling over in anger and resistance but also exploding with hope. Fully mobilized, this living alternative to a merciless regime of industrial capitalism inspired legions ranging from the Populists to the Knights of Labor, from the semimythical Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coal mines to the roustabouts of the Chicago dockyards, from the proud craft unionists driving the country's railroads and molding its iron to the Polish and Southern Italian birds of passage manning the killing floors of Chicago's stockyards. Green introduces us to all of these and many other groups and to their collective drama. He notes, for example, that when the Knights of Labor conducted their great strikes against Jay Gould's Southwestern railroad empire in the months preceding Haymarket, their staunchest supporters were members of the Texas Farmers' Alliance, roused by their own revulsion for Gould, not only for his offenses as a railroad tycoon but because he was a Wall Street predator of the first rank who, these agrarian rebels were convinced, lived like a parasite off the fat of their land.

There was a social physics at work here of an extraordinary sort, and Green is superb in describing it. This is quite an accomplishment, because, like the hunt for elusive subatomic particles that may only pop into being for a moment and then vanish, the phenomenon Green tracks only erupts in moments of intense social strain and fluidity. Green calls it the mass strike, perhaps echoing Rosa Luxemburg. And that is just what was happening in America over and again, beginning with the great railroad strike of 1877 and continuing through and beyond the Great Upheaval for the eight-hour day in 1886—the immediate run-up to the Haymarket bombing.

Green characterizes that "upheaval" as a "strange enthusiasm" in an attempt to capture its exoticism. During a mass strike people stop working, as in a conventional trade union strike, but there the similarities end. The normal trade union strike is a closed system joining two parties contesting over limited if sometimes intractable issues. The mass strike is open-ended, ecumenical in reach; its desires, however exalted, are always tethered to the needs of the most abused. In Chicago, as in other cities, the mass strike, or "Upheaval of '86," erupted at a thousand points at once, leaping across all boundaries of skill, gender, nativity, ethnicity and race, and winning the support of many people whose immediate economic interests did not depend on the outcome, including farmers, neighborhood merchants and whole urban barrios, from school kids to the aged and unemployed. Brickyard and packinghouse workers, dry goods clerks and iron molders, unskilled Jewish female shoe sewers and skilled telegraphers, German craftsmen from the bookbinding trade and unlettered Bohemian freight handlers assembled together under the banner of the Knights of Labor. Moreover, the mass strike midwived a new nationalist pride among immigrants traditionally bound to more particularistic identities. Indeed, this "strange enthusiasm" was inherently transgressive, as it shattered and then recombined dozens of more parochial attachments, the intense heat of the strike fusing them into something more daring and generous-minded.

The 1886 mass strike in Chicago erupted at a thousand points at once, leaping across boundaries of skill, gender, race and ethnicity.

Moreover, the mass strike had a rhythm all its own, syncopated and unpredictable as it spread like an epidemic from work site to marketplace to slum. It had no command central. But it was not some mysterious instance of spontaneous combustion. Rather, it had dozens of choreographers who directed local insurgencies that nevertheless remained elastic enough to cohere with one another while remaining distinct. Its program defied easy codification. At one moment and place it was about free speech, at another about a foreman's chronic abuse, here about the presence of scabs and armed thugs, there about a wage cut. It ranged effortlessly from something as prosaic as a change in the piece rate to something as portentous as the nationalization of the country's transportation and communication infrastructure; it called for relief from endless hours of work and gloried in Emancipation Day (the original name for May Day, which began in the United States on May 1, 1886). At its core stood the demand for the eight-hour day, blunt and simple yet profound as it defined for that historic moment both the irreducible minimum of a just and humane civilization and what the prevailing order of things seemingly could not, or would not, grant.

Insofar as the mass strike had an ideology and a political vision, it was similarly hard to pin down. Was it the embryo of the cooperative commonwealth, the rebirth or salvation of the Producers' Republic? Was it some variant of socialism or anticapitalist anarchism? Was it an experimental, living collage of Marx and Jefferson, Paine and Bakunin? It's hard to say precisely, yet it unmistakably opened up the prospect of a new society, founded on principles at odds with the tooth-and-claw struggle for self-advancement so celebrated in certain precincts of Darwinian America. That alternative possibility was perhaps best expressed not in some formalized credo but in the mass strike's tactical repertory. Its two principal weapons were the boycott and the sympathy strike. Indeed, what else would one expect from a movement whose social character and programmatic reach made it the living embodiment of sympathy? This was solidarity, not merely as a piece of inspiring rhetoric but as the spirit come to life, discovering all the exfoliating networks of its social nervous system. The form of the strike was its content, the medium the message.

Only within the mélange of this "strange enthusiasm" can one assess the weighty role of those radical few who normally subsist in ghettos of irrelevance. Green gives us wonderful miniatures of the Haymarket martyrs: their social obscurity; their painstaking self-education; their chastening encounters with industrial exploitation and urban poverty both abroad (especially in Germany) and in the United States; the charisma of some, like onetime Confederate soldier and then Texas Radical Republican Albert Parsons; the stolid, near monomaniacal dedication of others, like the youthful and defiant Louis Lingg, who blew himself up in jail rather than suffer the indignity of state execution. Above all, we get a sense

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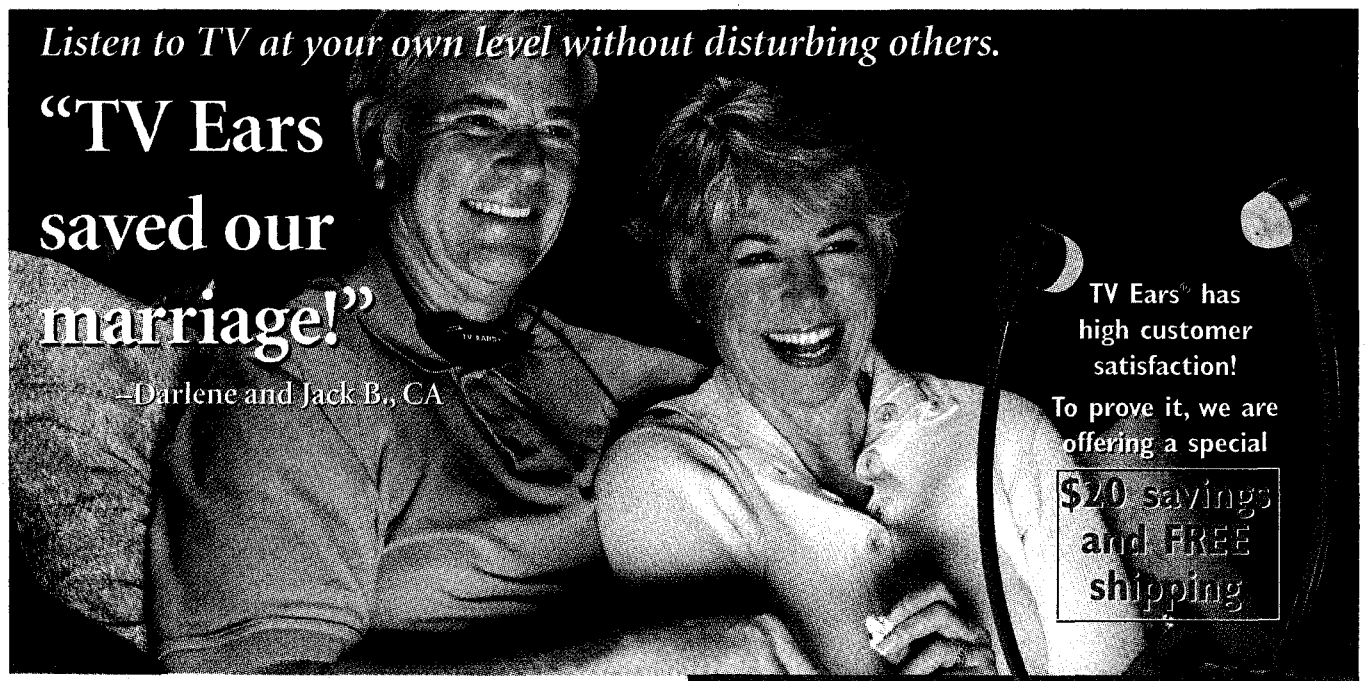

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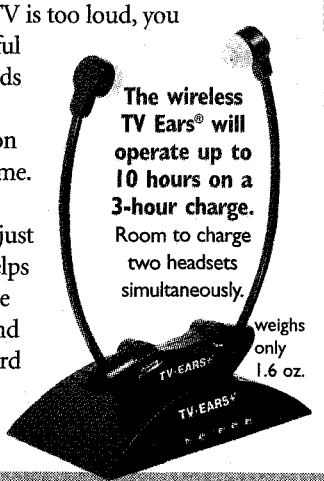

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of how small, sectarian groups, normally marginal to the main currents of political life, all at once found themselves listened to, read, followed, even idolized by swelling numbers of ordinary citizens as the tides of the mass strike crested, receded and crested again during this remarkable decade. And finally, Green lets us experience not only the enthusiasm and optimism of these revolutionaries so accustomed to being ignored but also their growing desperation as they faced off against an ever more bloody-minded opposition. It may be unthinkable now, but the sight of armed workers' militias training and parading in the streets of Chicago and other cities was common enough in Gilded Age America. And they had reason to be on guard.

It is impossible to underestimate the Great Fear that gripped much of the country. As a mental state this began with the news of the Paris Commune in 1871, an event that so alarmed bourgeois America that images of *pétroleuses* (Parisian female arsonists) and raving Communards continued to haunt the middle-class imagination for the next twenty-five years. When Haymarket happened there were plenty of Chicagoans who still believed the Chicago fire of 1871 was set by agents of the Commune. The fear took on more palpable form, as *Death in the Haymarket* documents, during the great railroad strike of 1877, when pitched battles between state militias and federal troops and an enraged and sometimes armed citizenry took place in cities from coast to coast. That same summer, ten Molly Maguires were executed by the State of Pennsylvania. Journalists circulated stories about anarchist plots to slip arsenic into the food supply of troops called out to quell rebellions. Moreover, the fear metastasized, flooding the social organism with images of racial pollution, moral depravity, alien conspiracy and sexual inversion. Headline hysteria about "bohemian amazons," "ungrateful hyenas" and "foreign savages" suggested that much more was threatened than the mere distribution of wealth and income. Edward Bellamy, in a letter to William Dean Howells (who worked himself to the bone trying to save the Haymarket anarchists) observed that socialism "smells to the average American of petroleum, suggests the red flag and all manner of sexual novelties, and an abusive tone about God and religion." If half of Chicago (and millions around the world) mourned their judicial murder, it is vital to remember that the other half celebrated, deliriously happy, as if they had been saved from some horrible fate.

If it is hard for us to conjure up the Great Fear, it is just as difficult to grasp the extreme violence that fear generated. While we live in a time when fear has become the common currency of our political life, its texture was immeasurably bloodier and more apocalyptic during America's original Gilded Age. Green itemizes this record of fear, loathing and merciless repression, which boiled over in 1886. The Western Gun Works did a booming business selling a specialty item known as the Tramps Terror. After the bomb went off in the Haymarket, the *Chicago Times* advised: "Let us whip these slavic wolves back to the European dens from which they issue, or...exterminate them." Such sentiments were not unusual but customary; one paper called for throwing grenades into the ranks of striking sailors.

After the bomb went off in the Haymarket, the Chicago Tribune *suggested that the strikers ('slavic wolves') be expelled or exterminated.*

That, in effect, is what happened. The Great Upheaval was crushed ruthlessly by police, Pinkertons and local militias, without the slightest regard for the civil liberties of the strikers or their legions of supporters. Concessions made days earlier were retracted. Legislatures cranked out new edicts outlawing boycotts and sympathy strikes; sympathy criminalized. The Haymarket trial itself was little more than a judicial lynching heard by an avowedly hostile, hand-picked jury who listened to evidence from the state's paid witnesses, instructed and presided over by a flagrantly prejudiced judge. Terrorism was the crime for which the anarchists would pay, but their violence paled in comparison to the campaign of repression launched by their accusers. Nor was this a passing aberration. Convinced, in the aftermath of the 1877 uprising, that the local constabulary was not capable of suppressing an insurrection many assumed was bound to happen again, leading businessmen and others from the urban upper classes began erecting massive, fortress-like armories; one was equipped with twelve-pound cannons and a ten-barrel Gatling gun. Men known for their foresight, they were looking ahead.

Is this the face and idiom of counter-revolution? It would seem so, and as Green observes, Chicago is perhaps the perfect place to watch it unfold. Louis Hartz pointed out long ago that in America there was precious little of that Tory aristocratic tradition of social obligation that has, now and then, worked to quiet class antagonisms. Chicago, just because of its economic exuberance, its singular devotion to amassing great fortunes, nurtured a business elite even less conciliatory and tempered than most. It was readier to resort to the knout when its authority was questioned. Andrew Carnegie might have traveled around the country speechifying about the "stewardship of wealth." But it is doubtful many of his conferees were listening—indeed, given that the Monongahela River ran red with blood during the strike at his Homestead steelworks not long after Haymarket, it's not even certain Carnegie took himself seriously.

Moreover, upper-class unease with democracy, with political machines too susceptible to mass pressure, with the mongrelizing of urban America by hordes of non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants, had fermented for decades, and not just in Chicago. Calls to restrict suffrage were common enough. Laws that displeased the plutocracy, like the eight-hour edict in Illinois, were simply ignored. That the country's upper classes went around masquerading as Louis XIV, confecting aristocratic genealogies and erecting urban castles filled with the past 500 years of European high art, may seem to us farcical. Certainly such theatrics constituted an expression of their own social and cultural insecurity, an attempt to find some toehold in a remarkably vertiginous society. But these airs also suggested a self-conception light-years away from the world of Horatio Alger, a hankering after a form of legitimacy that had little to do with democratic capitalism.

What made Haymarket an imperishable moment in the country's history is that it laid bare the social anatomy and psychology of a whole society and each of its constituent elements traumatized by its full immersion in the Great Upheaval. It was, arguably, the end of American innocence. James Green calls it a historic turning point. *Death in the Haymarket* is a moving remembrance of that moment, capturing its pathos and enduring significance. ■

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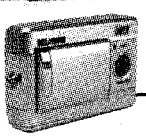
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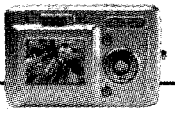
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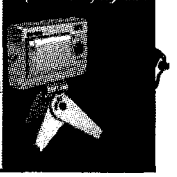

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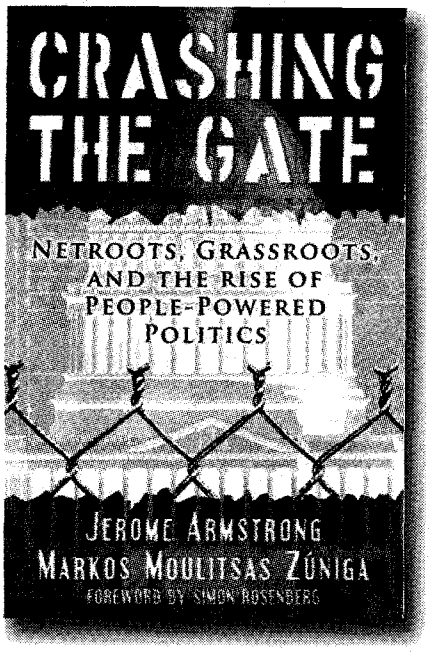
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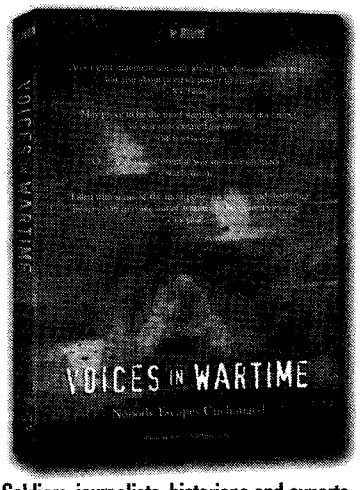

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THE DISCOVERIES: Great Breakthroughs in 20th Century Science, Including the Original Papers.
By Alan Lightman. Pantheon. 553 pp. $32.50.

When the most recent batch of Nobel science prizes was announced last year, there was the usual flurry of articles about the award-winning scientists and their discoveries. For good reason, the media were particularly captivated by the story of Barry Marshall and Robin Warren, winners of the medicine prize for work they did in the early 1980s demonstrating that stomach ulcers are caused by the bacterium *Helicobacter pylori*. To bolster their case, Marshall, who was then a young scientist, heroically downed a beaker of the bacteria and earned himself an ulcer a few days later. This was science at its most thrilling.

Warren and Marshall originally published their results in two dry letters to the medical journal *The Lancet* and in two detailed articles in the *Medical Journal of Australia*. To the best of my knowledge, no major news outfit republished so much as a snippet of those papers, or for that matter any of the other original scientific papers for which last year's Nobel Prizes were awarded. There's nothing surprising about this, of course. No sane editor would subject an audience of nonspecialists to the drollery of scientific journal articles, no matter how momentous—even one that describes a scientist audaciously inflicting himself with debilitating bacteria. (In the understated journalese of the original article, Marshall's feat is sapped of its gallantry. He is demoted from intrepid self-experimenter to "a volunteer with histologically normal gastric mucosa.") Science can be very exciting, but scientific papers, as a rule, generally aren't.

Alan Lightman, essayist, novelist and theoretical physicist, has written a new book based on exactly the opposite premise. "The first reports of the great discoveries of science are works of art," he declares. It's the sort of statement that sounds, the first time you hear it, reasonable enough. If you haven't actually looked at such classic papers as "On the Physical Content of Quantum Kinematics and Mechanics" (Werner Heisenberg's unveiling of the uncertainty principle) or "Observed Behavior of Highly Inelastic Electron-Proton Scattering" (the discovery of quarks), the notion that the great discoveries of science might be described in papers that are themselves works of art seems possibly true.

Lightman polled scientists and dug through libraries to amass a collection of original journal articles heralding twenty-two of the great discoveries of the twentieth century. The list includes Edwin Hubble's discovery of the expanding universe, Watson and Crick's discovery of the structure of DNA, Linus Pauling's breakthrough on chemical bonding and Steven Weinberg's unified theory of forces. The papers come exclusively from the hard sciences. There are none from the fields of psychology, geology or even evolutionary biology, and curiously none of the papers were published after 1972. Along with the republished papers, Lightman has written fairly long introductions summarizing the articles and recounting the scientific backstories that led up to the discoveries.

I suspect that very few readers will be able to slog through these papers, and even fewer will care to. As "works of art," they make *Finnegans Wake* look as accessible as *The Da Vinci Code*. But if you're willing to skim past the papers themselves, and can ignore Lightman's fanciful thesis that they are great works of art, then there's a lot to take away from the other 50 percent of this book. Lightman's introductions to the discoveries are, collectively, an outstanding primer on the development of science in the twentieth century. Even if his explanations are at times no more exciting than the sort you'd find in an introductory college textbook, they are almost always clear and precise. So clear and precise, in fact, that it's hard to see why anyone would bother reading the accompanying papers.

Lightman says he is often "struck that philosophy students read Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, political science majors

Joshua Foer is working on a book about the science of memory. His writing has appeared in the New York Times, *the* Washington Post, Slate *and* Discover.

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read the U.S. Constitution, and literature classes read *Hamlet* and *Moby-Dick*, but students of science hardly ever read the original works of Mendeleyev or Curie or Einstein." But there is reason for the widespread ignorance of these classic papers. In science it's the ideas that matter, not how they're expressed. That's why scientific papers are cited but never quoted. While the Cliff's Notes version of *Moby-Dick* is no substitute for the real thing, the same is not true of the textbook summary of Einstein's paper on special relativity, which will always be clearer and more up-to-date than the original.

But Lightman seems to believe that the original articles have an aesthetic value in themselves. "Like poetry these papers have their internal rhythms, their images, their beautiful cystallizations, their sometimes fleeting truths," he writes, somewhat feverishly. They are "the great novels and symphonies of science."

Having struggled through these two dozen great novels and symphonies, I have to confess that I was unable to discern their "internal rhythms." And I don't really have a sense of how their "fleeting truths" are fleeting or why these papers are any more poetic than your average legal memo or newspaper article. They describe some of the most wonderful discoveries of the past century, but there is nothing inherently wonderful about how they do so. In fact, by the criteria you'd use to judge any other piece of writing—construction of argument, lucidity of explanation, quality of prose—a few of the papers are downright sloppy.

In part that's because the guidelines of scientific publication provide so little room to maneuver stylistically. The medium privileges precision over artistry, and efficiency over individuality. Humor and fresh prose are altogether absent from the great works Lightman has collected. The narrative of how the scientist got from point A in his thinking to point B, the story of the messy false starts and unexpected diversions that make Lightman's introductions so compelling, is obscured by the imperative to present final results with maximum economy. Scientists aren't expected to show their work unless it has direct bearing on the final results. And most of the time, you have to read between the lines just to glimpse the author's excitement about his subject.

About a quarter of the discoveries Lightman chronicles occurred by accident, or were the result of a lucky scientist being in the right place at the right time. Of course, sometimes being in the right place at the

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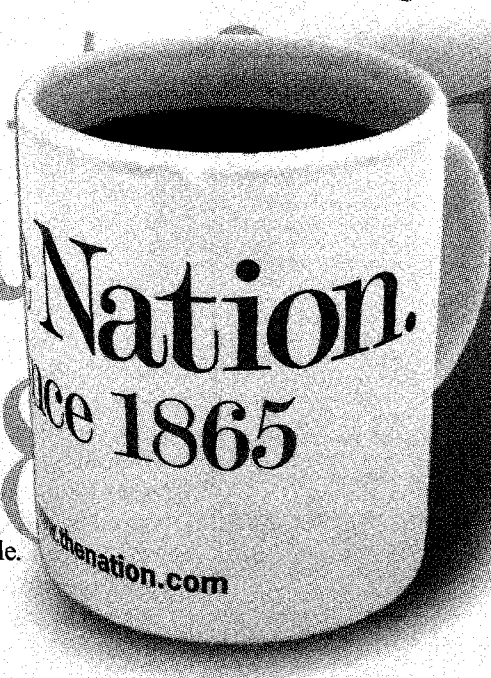

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right time is a matter of more than luck. When Alexander Fleming stumbled on penicillin, it was a fortuitous accident, but one he had put himself in the way of. "Fleming dedicated himself to a kind of studied disorder," writes Lightman. His lab was a scene of constant disarray, a place where all kinds of microscopic organisms could find a home in the stacks of petri dishes that were often left out to fester, sometimes for weeks at a time. Occasionally, Fleming would check them out, just to see if anything "interesting" had shown up.

When he found a fluffy white mold growing on one of those petri dishes in the spring of 1928, he wasn't looking for what turned out to be the most important advance in the history of medicine. It's not clear that he even fully realized the implications of his discovery. Fleming's paper was titled "On the Antibacterial Action of Cultures of a Penicillium, with Special Reference to Their Use in the Isolation of B. Influenzae." The title didn't say anything about medical uses. In one sentence toward the end of the paper, Fleming mentions that penicillin "may be an efficient antiseptic for application to, or injection into, areas infected with penicillin-sensitive microbes," but he thought the more important consequence of his discovery was that scientists would be able to use the antibiotic to separate different strains of bacteria in laboratory cultures. The scientific community largely ignored Fleming's sentence about medical applications for the better part of the next decade.

Like Fleming, Ernest Rutherford more or less stumbled on the discovery of the atomic nucleus. At the time, he had been probing the innards of atoms by bombarding extremely thin pieces of gold foil with alpha particles and then observing what happened. Most of the time, the alpha particles traveled straight through the gold foil, as if passing through empty space, or were deflected only slightly. Rutherford assigned an undergraduate to perform what he later called a "damn fool experiment," to check whether any of the alpha particles were bouncing off in other, unexpected directions. No one had thought to look for such large-angle deflections, because no one expected to find them. But something suggested to Rutherford that the experiment was worthwhile.

The results of the undergraduate's fool's errand ended up laying the foundation for modern physics and chemistry. He found that a very small percentage of the particles were rebounding wildly, in every possible direction, as though they had collided with

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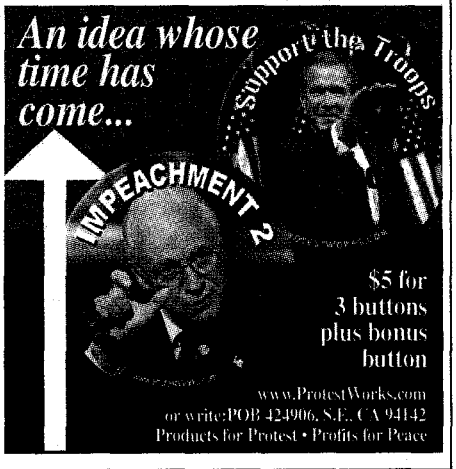
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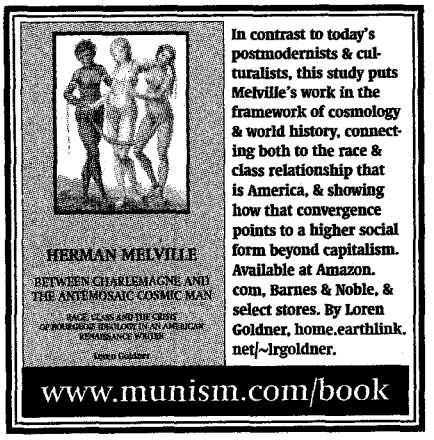
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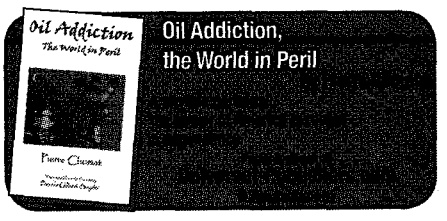

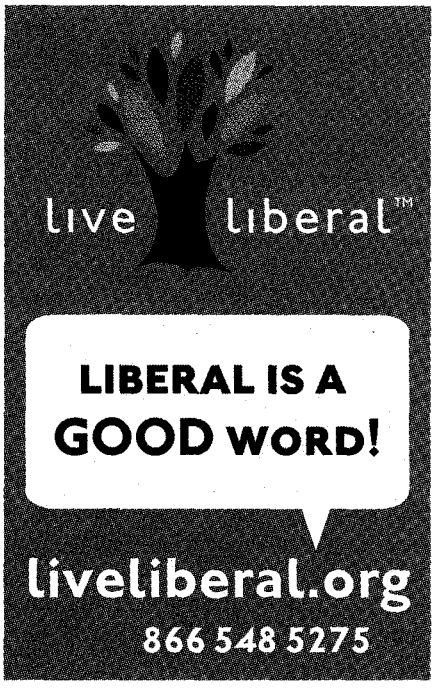

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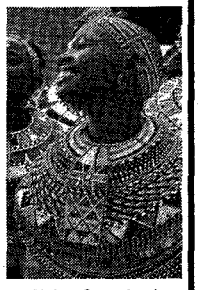

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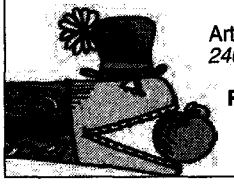

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some dense concentration of mass. Rutherford inferred that atoms were not balls of plum pudding, as others had thought, but rather cavernous empty spaces with electrons buzzing around miniature nuclei.

Other discoveries included in the volume had more to do with careful premeditation than good fortune. The idea for the landmark experiment proving the existence of neurotransmitters came to Otto Loewi in a dream in 1921. "I got up immediately, went to the laboratory, and performed a simple experiment on a frog heart according to the nocturnal design," he wrote years later. Unlike Rutherford and Fleming, Loewi knew exactly what he was out to prove. Scientists had long understood that the nervous system functioned as a kind of telegraph network, sending messages up and down the body. Loewi wanted to understand how nerve cells communicated with one another and how they interfaced with other organs.

His "nocturnal design" involved dissecting two frogs and removing their beating hearts. He bathed both hearts in a saline solution and then electrically stimulated the vagus nerve of one of them, causing it to beat slower. Next, he poured the saline solution from the slowed heart onto the second heart. It started beating slower as well, proving that some chemical had been released into the solution. Eventually, Loewi helped identify that chemical as acetylcholine, one of several neurotransmitters that allow nerves to communicate across the miniature chasms that separate them. To this day, his profoundly simple experiment is considered a model of scientific elegance.

But as beautiful as the experiment may have been, can we really call the paper describing it a work of art? Lightman seems to suffer from an insecurity that afflicts many scientist writers, a compulsion to compare the process of scientific discovery to that of artistic creativity, and to hold scientific and artistic genius up to each other.

The comparison of science and art is a trope that runs through much of Lightman's writing. In *The Discoveries* he writes that "Einstein was an artist as much as a scientist." What does that really mean? In what sense were Einstein's discoveries art—or for that matter any of the original papers Lightman has collected—except in the most meaningless stretch of metaphor?

Making scientists into artists is a way of dealing with a conundrum that Lightman confronts in *A Sense of the Mysterious*, a collection of essays published last year: that even the most brilliant scientist is, in some basic way, replaceable. Lightman describes the sense of bewilderment he felt after discovering he'd been scooped by another physicist on a discovery he had spent months working toward. "I began to experience another emotion: irrelevancy. If the physical universe was reducible to precise equations with precise answers...then why was I, as a particular and unique person, needed to find those answers?" After all, if it hadn't been Watson and Crick who discovered the structure of DNA, it would have been Linus Pauling soon after, or someone else. If science advances toward its ultimate objective description of the universe regardless of the individuals who are at its cutting edge, then why celebrate scientists at all? In the same essay, Lightman writes that "the most important thing about a scientific result is not the scientist who found it but the result itself.... In the arts, the individual is the essence." Calling something a work of art and its creator an artist is a form of praise, but more important, it is a way of assigning agency to the people who make the great breakthroughs. It is a way of making them irreplaceable. But sometimes a great discovery is just a great discovery. ■

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■ New York-Tipitapa Sister City Project. Join Pete Seeger and Tao Rodriguez-Seeger for an intimate evening of stories, conversation, songs, hope and inspiration. For Us. For Nicaragua. April 16, 5 PM. At the home of Dr. Arthur Levine, president of Teachers College, Columbia University, and Linda Fentiman. Hosted by Dr. Darlyne Bailey, vice president of academic affairs and dean of the college. Limited seating. Donation: $250 per person. Easy payment: www.tipitapa.org. (646) 610-2215 or PeteSeegerEvent@tipitapa.org. Make check payable to: Dos Pueblos, 2565 Broadway #173, New York, NY 10025.

Iraq: The Logic of Withdrawal

■ Join Howard Zinn and Anthony Arnove for the launch of Arnove's new book, *Iraq: The Logic of Withdrawal*, with foreword and afterword by Zinn. Introduction by Amy Goodman of *Democracy Now!* Saturday, March 25, 1 PM. Quaker Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Place (at 15th Street), NYC. Suggested donation: $5–$10.

Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

■ Join us in honoring Cindy Sheehan and Veterans for Peace at the reunion of the Lincoln Brigade. Sunday, April 30, 1:30 PM, at Cooper Union Auditorium (Astor Place, East 7th Street and 3rd Avenue). Featuring "Songs Against War: Voices of Anti-warriors," a musical performance with Barbara Dane and Bruce Barthol; emcee Henry Foner. For tickets: (212) 674-5552; credit card: www.alba-valb.org/april30thtix.html.

Can't Stop Won't Stop

■ Join the Haymarket Forum Saturday, March 25, 7 PM, for a discussion with writer Jeff Chang about his groundbreaking book *Can't Stop Won't Stop: A History of the Hip-Hop Generation*, at Galapagos Art Space in Brooklyn. With Deepa Fernandes and Andy Hsiao, and a performance by DJ Rekha. 70 North Sixth, Williamsburg. NYC.haymarketforum.org. Free.

The advertising deadline for Events is every Thursday. Rates: $200 for 50 words; $250 for 75 words, additional words (above 75) $2.00 each. To place an ad, call Leigh at (212) 209-5414.

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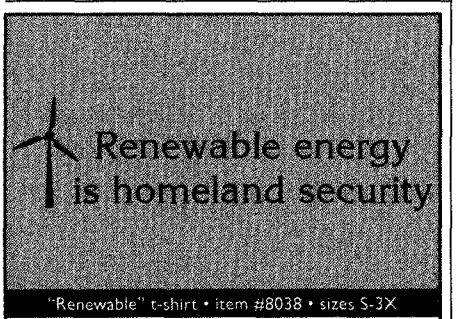

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While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

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W. END AVE.: an e-journal of culture and politics by martin wenglinsky. westendejournal.com.

BOOKS

MY LIBERAL EDUCATION: *How I Survived the First Four Years of George W. Bush.* Moving coming-of-age politerature packs wicked progressive punch. www.bn.com, www.myliberaleducation.com, www.amazon.com.

UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS: The Lewin family will donate hundreds of copies of the internationally acclaimed political satire *Report From Iron Mountain: On the Possibility and Desirability of Peace* by Leonard C. Lewin. Reply Nation Box 416.

DOUBLE STANDARDS by James Anthony, a 368-page novel based on an actual landmark federal sexual discrimination lawsuit against Bell Telephone Company by the author after he was fired for refusing to wear a tie! Free preview at www.AuthorHouse.com.

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ORGANIZATIONS

VALLEY OF THE ROGUE *Nation* discussion group. Next meeting: April 14, 1:30 PM. Ashland, OR. Subject: Iran and US Nuclear Policy. Call Hal Jamison, (541) 488-5653.

HARTFORD, CT, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets monthly on the first Sunday at 2 PM. The Smith House, Trinity College, Hartford, CT 06106. Next two meetings are February 5 and March 5. For more info contact Suzi Smith, (860) 693-8549, suzismith@comcast.net.

LOS ANGELES, BRENTWOOD AREA. *Nation* discussion group forming. E-mail bernlandis@verizon.net.

MEMPHIS, TN, *Nation* discussion group forming. E-mail heidikenaga@yahoo.com if you're interested in joining.

RESTON, VA, *Nation* reading group forming. Contact Michael Causey for details. Families welcome! (703) 318-0147.

WASHINGTON, DC, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP going strong for third year. Join other *Nation* readers in DC area seeking to understand and change the world on third Saturday of every month at Cleveland Park Public Library from 3 to 5 PM. Coordinator: Bob Griss at (202) 362-2648 or Bgrisscdh@aol.com.

WOODLAND HILLS, CA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP FORMING. Contact Bailey (818) 227-0076.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP FORMING. E-mail Matthew: mateodega@hotmail.com.

TUCSON, AZ, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP FORMING. Contact Dave at (520) 885-4767.

RICHMOND, VA, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. Please contact Jerry Gorman if you're interested in joining. (804) 266-7400; e-mail: gorfam@comcast.net.

POLICY

END THE DRUG WAR. See www.CommonSenseDrugPolicy.org, www.DrugWarFacts.org, www.DRCNet.org, www.MedicalMJ.org, www.DrugSense.org, www.AddictInTheFamily.org.

STOP CIA MURDERS. Shut down the secret police. www.abolishthecia.org.

POLITICAL ACTION

JOHN HALL FOR CONGRESS! Progressive Democrat, founder of the band Orleans, songwriter for Bonnie Raitt and Janis Joplin, running for US Congress in NY-19. Former county legislator and school board president, no-nukes activist. Hall wants to redefine national security to include healthcare for all, energy independence based on renewables, privacy and choice, peace and diplomacy as our default foreign policy. EARLY MONEY HELPS. www.johnhallforcongress.com.

POLITICAL ACTION

THINK BUSH SHOULD BE IMPEACHED? Picket Congress in front of the Capitol, Washington, DC, March 28 through March 30. Interested? Dinah Lovitch, dlovitch@sunflower.com.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

SOCIAL CHANGE NEWS ORGANIZATION seeks skilled broadcast journalists and fundraiser/organizers for full- and part-time positions: Driven, self-motivated and highly competent people who thrive in newsroom culture. Résumé, cover letter to jobs@publicnewsservice.org.

STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Progressive PA nurses union seeks experienced organizer/staff representative capable of building strong internal organization, developing leaders and ultimately leading contract negotiations. Starting salary: $54,000 to $64,000, depending on experience. Philadelphia area. Mail or fax résumé and references to: Executive Director, PASNAP, 1100 E. Hector St., Suite 332 Conshohocken, PA 19428. Fax: (610) 567-2913.

***NATION* STUDENT OUTREACH:** Attention student activists! If you're involved in organizing a progressive event, lecture or film festival on your campus or in your community and would like to distribute copies of *The Nation*, please let us know by calling (212) 209-5416.

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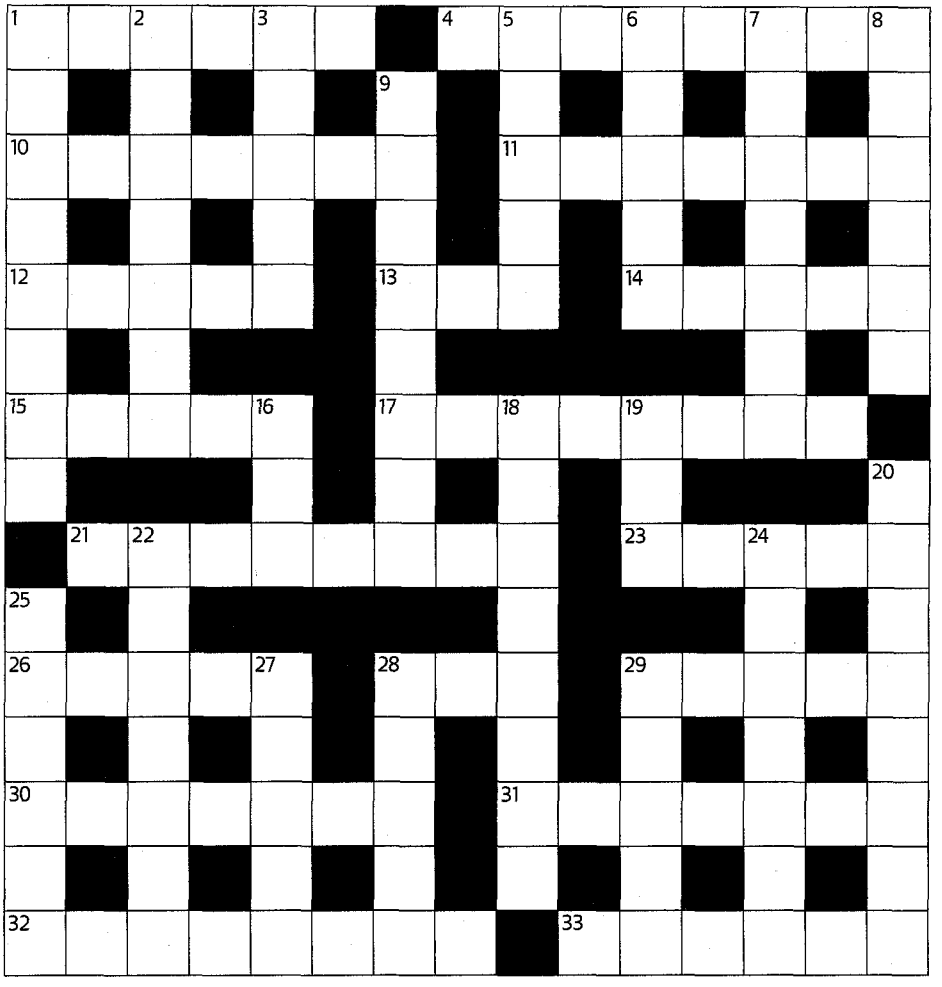

ACROSS

1 What some term a party takes advantage of it, and puts out the light. (6)

4 Isn't this just like the little angel! (8)

10 Watery—but just give the water a little shake. (7)

11 The old squire has a 33 when the soldier returns to the queen. (7)

12, 13 and **14** This above all covers things from A to Z, as they used to say. (5,3,5)

15 Legal procedure against something like a sort of miner. (2,3)

17 Not at all proficient, but the next ripe arrangement you see will show it. (8)

21 If you 24 this, you might get thrown in jail. (3,5)

23 Describing something 10 that comes and goes. (5)

26 The old Italian who produced 27? (5)

28 One of those things that may have a lock on your keyboard. (3)

29 What 30 might make... (5)

30 ...if you get to sort of bother about nothing at all! (7)

31 The locus of the centers of curvature brings back *amore* to one from the University of Utah. (7)

32 Is pussyfooting involved in them, when they are "the way to go," being superior to the stage? (3-5)

33 An arm or a leg for it, but one has to belong to something! (6)

DOWN

1 and **25** An example of one who described the act as "all work and no play"? (8,6)

2 One who takes over. (7)

3 A special edition. (5)

5 This proves there's nothing hard about it, as you stash things away. (5)

6 A lover of an Italian city, ending up with nothing. (5)

7 One might get your goat, having a listening device to carry. (7)

8 Relating to a joint where you might look for a friend in your automobile. (6)

9 Much inferior to a pain in the neck, in a way, I cast about to see the spy-guys inside. (8)

16 and **19** How I might clean Fido with a cute little whippersnapper? (6)

18 Excused from doing something, a former mate gets me up to wildly pet the dog's head. (8)

19 See 16

20 Everything may be obvious, but they once liked to hear it after a raid. (3,5)

22 Feel pain about the English decoration given to a King of Italy? (7)

24 A sign on a hotel door might tell you not to do it. (7)

25 See 1 down

27 Opera produced by 26, which is not quite normal. (5)

28 Watch the side of your stocking! (5)

29 Animal that starts to make "bossy" sounds, to a point. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3027

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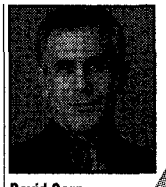

David Corn
Washington editor, *The Nation*

More speakers to be announced

December 16-23, 2006

Date	Day	Port of Call	Arrive	Depart
Dec. 16	Sat	Ft. Lauderdale, FL		5 PM
Dec. 17	Sun	Day at Sea		
Dec. 18	Mon	Grand Turk, Turks & Caicos	7 AM	4 PM
Dec. 19	Tue	Road Town, Tortola	2 PM	10 PM
Dec. 20	Wed	St. Thomas, USVI	7 AM	6 PM
Dec. 21	Thu	Day at Sea		
Dec. 22	Fri	Half Moon Cay, Bahamas	7 AM	5 PM
Dec. 23	Sat	Ft. Lauderdale, FL	7 AM	

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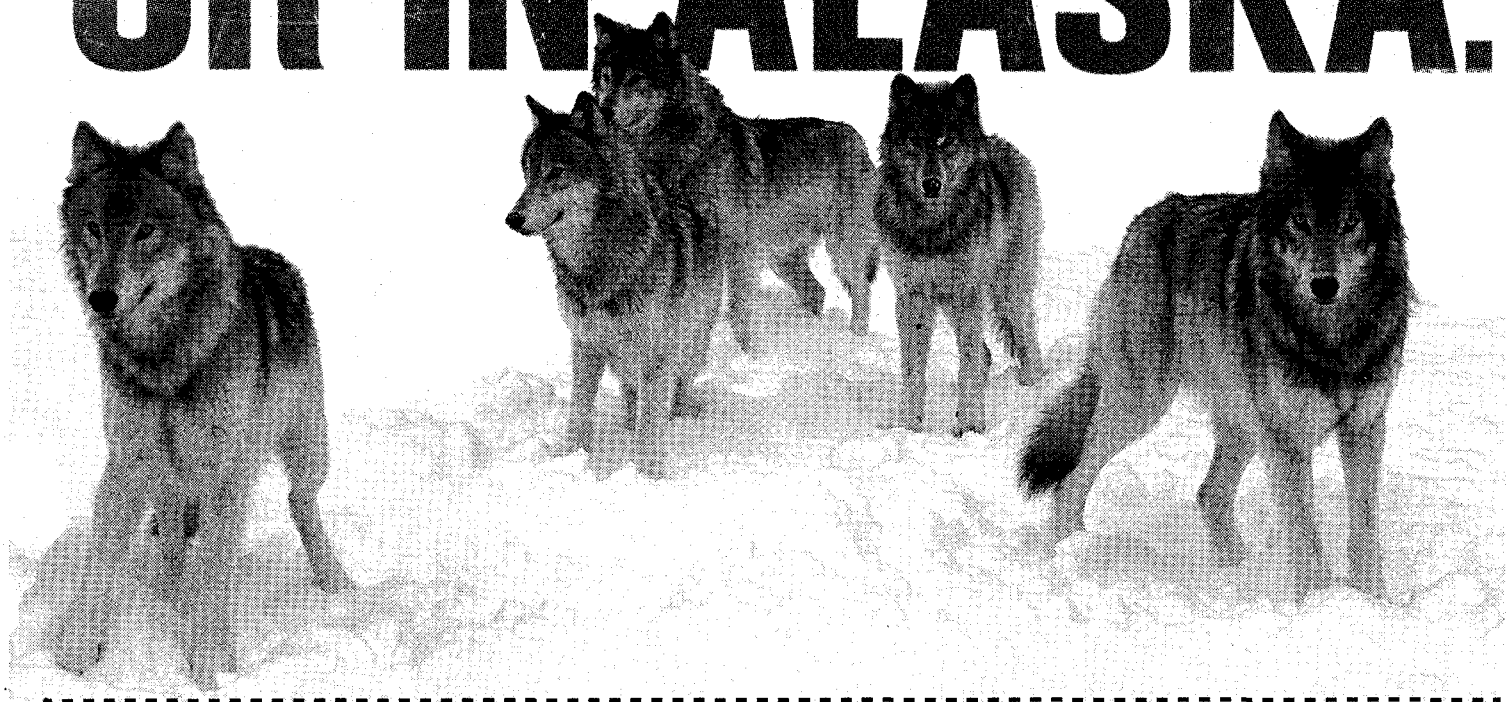

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